Every Week

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How Actresses Keep House

How Do I Know It Is Safe?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Albert W. Atwood

WILL you please tell me," writes a man in Boston, "how you determine the value of a bond when looking over the average bond circular—that is, what points in the statement make you think it's a good or a poor bond?"

There is only one complete answer to this question, and it is a very unsatisfactory answer. It would be somewhat like the reply that is made to the young man who asks how he can become an artist or a poet. Which is to say, he must have natural aptitude, training, and experience.

But this won't do. Men and women must invest money, and they can not all be experts.

A Bond Is Known by the Company It Keeps

TO begin with, always judge a bond by the company it keeps. This rule knows no exception. Other things being equal, bonds sold by reputable bankers are certain to be better than those sold by persons of another stripe. Of course, there are securities on well known and established lines that have been sold by brokers of doubtful reputation can not injure their standing. But, in this particular case, the place to look out for is that the "broker" delivers the bond at all, or, if he does, beware lest he charge you too much. In other words, be sure first of all that the game is being played according to honest rules, which means by an honest man. There are enough risks in the investment of money, even when one deals with the strongest of firms. Don't add an unnecessary peril by dealing with shady brokers. Every broker can advise you about this.

Having eliminated as far as possible the personal element and the personal point to discover is whether the property upon which the bond is secured is itself of fairly permanent and stable value. Only a dunce would purchase a bond secured by a factory erected to manufacture some new article, unless the factory easily could be turned to some other use or the company had accumulated, in cash or other readily negotiable property, a sum equivalent to the bond issue.

Now, of course the manufacture of that particular article might prove so profitable that the company could pay off all its bonds at a premium and declare huge dividends on its stock. But then again the article might not take with the public at all, and the whole proposition would go into the discard. Bonds are bought for safety, not for speculation, and they should be secured by something for which there is fairly certain, regular, and fixed demand.

The bond circular should next show just exactly what form of security is behind the bond. Relatively few bonds in these days are offered to investors that are secured by first mortgages. Most bonds are really second- or third-mortgage security, although these opprobrious terms are rarely used. Such bonds are called "general refunding" and other more or less meaningless names.

Find Out About the Earnings

NOW, a second-mortgage bond may be strong and safe enough, but the point is that bond circulars should always show exactly what their security is. If the circular does not tell how many bonds come ahead of those that are offered in you, throw it into the waste basket at once. Indeed, the circular should tell in detail about the mortgages that come ahead of yours, and upon which pieces of property they are secured.

The question of the exact relation of your bond to other debts (and the bond circular should show whether there is any floating debt as well), the question of its "equity" or security, as the case may be, depends in turn largely upon another question—that of earnings. Even if a bond is not a first-mortgage issue, if the earnings are enough every year to pay interest upon it five or six times over it may be just as good as a first mortgage.

As a general rule, no bond is conservative unless interest charges upon it are earned at least twice over, and if you really want to lean over backward you will insist that such a ratio has been established for several years before you make the purchase.

One thing the circular is not likely to tell you, and that is whether the bond can be sold again if you desire or need to take such a step. But that is information which you should have, and it can be had only by making inquiry among banks, bankers, and other persons familiar with such subjects.

Next week Mr. Atwood will answer the question "How Much Stock of the Preferred Shares of Big Railroads?"

Is There Any Risk in Camping Out?

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

Edwin F. Bowers, M.D.

ON the same basis that more people have died from overeating than from starvation, no more have lost their lives because of taking vacations than from lack of them.

The chief reason for this is the return by civilized man to primitive life without first insuring the purity of that primitive life.

This applies more particularly to those who "camp out," subjecting themselves for a term during the hot weather to that serious threefold danger of flies, fingers, and filth.

Unless ordinary common-sense precautions are taken scrupulously to avoid drinking contaminated water, adequately to dispose of garbage, and strictly to observe hygienic and sanitary measures, disease in some form is almost inevitable.

Dreading garbage furnishes the breeding-ground for the typhoid fly, which contaminates the food supply. A very large percentage of the typhoid that flares up every autumn is due to infection contracted during the vacation period.

Exposure to the bites of the amphibeles mosquito is the sole cause of malaria. This, in its ultimate effects upon the blood-stream and on the blood-purifying organs—notably the spleen and the liver,—is a serious and life-shortening condition.

The drinking of impure water causes dysentery and various other grave intestinal troubles. It does not necessarily follow, because water is clear and sparkling, that it is inevitably pure. It may be absolutely free from insect-parasite contamination, and yet be loaded with dangerous bacterial life.

Therefore, if one would observe Falstaff's admonition to have a most recent care of one's health, all dangling matter should be quickly dissed and buried, and all food should be carefully protected from flies. A dozen boxes of chloride of lime, or a supply of some adequate disinfectant,—a solution of soap perss—should be an indispensable part of the equipment of all campers.

Sleeping quarters should be carefully screened against mosquitos.

And if the drinking water supply is of surface origin—spring, river, lake—and there is the slightest suspicion concerning its purity, it should invariably be boiled.

Remember also that the effects of undue sun exposure at the shore or in the country are almost as dangerous as in the city.

Observance of these simple precautions will help eliminate the peril that the vacation period. "Safety first" rules are quite as important for the vacationist as for any one else.

Each week Dr. Bowers answers the most interesting question. Next week: "Is Olive Oil Good for Me?"

One Minute with the Editor

Twenty Ways of Money-Making for Women

YOU will be surprised, when you read Edward Mott Woolley's article next week, to discover how many different businesses there are in which women can be successful. This, by the way, is the third in the series by Mr. Woolley, the first and second being "Women in Business for Themselves" and "Women Who Earn $10,000 a Year." Another series of articles by Mr. Woolley is to begin shortly.

Risking Their Lives to Make Their Living

SUPPOSE you had to spend your working day suspended twenty stories above the pavement, on a six-inch iron girder; or, perhaps, under thirty feet of water—you'd almost rather not live than to have to risk your life for a living. But hundreds of men risk their lives cheerfully every day, and think nothing of it. We have gathered together some pictures of workers in the most thrilling occupations. Look for them next week.

Roy Norton

ROY NORTON won the $1,000 first prize offered last year for the best fiction story submitted to the Associated Sunday Magazines. Next week we publish a story by him.

We Were Just Thinking

WE don't see how this country can ever have another war. Where would we put the hero statuary? Most American towns have only one public square, and there's a soldiers' monument in that already.

Dr. W. E. Aughinbaugh.

This is our own exclusive soldier of fortune. Dr. Aughinbaugh has had more exciting adventures than any man we have ever met. Compared to him, Gulliver was an amateur and Nick Carter led an uneventful life.

From time to time we shall publish some of Dr. Aughinbaugh's adventures in his own words. With Dr. Aughinbaugh to make you happy and Dr. Bowers to keep you well, we think our medical staff is pretty complete.

Back-Yard Hunting

I HAVE never shot a lion. For that matter, I have never shot a mouse or an English sparrow, and most of the fish I have eaten came from the market. But I have shot with a camera, indeed I have.

We moved into a cottage, our first after eight years of apartment-house life. There were two trees and clothes poles in the twenty by thirty feet of back yard.

It was spring, and, actuated by spring madness, we began a decorative garden, a sort of cool summer retreat, including an ornamental lake about the size of a generous wash basin, built of rocks and cement, and fed by an old pitcher leg. As a finishing touch we put bird houses on the clothes-line poles.

I Become a Bird Photographer

IT was the robins' bold friendliness that gave me the idea of photographing the birds. Of course I have since been told that naturalists have cameras especially built for this work; but in the back of my city back yard I found my cheap little plate camera with a focusing glass very successful.

I set up the camera flashed to ladder or chair or pole; a few feet from the place where I finally expected the birds to appear. The next thing was focusing two sharp focus, the plate-holder slide was drawn, the shutter set, and a cord thrown over the fence to keep all the crowd. I fastened a long string to the shutter trigger, trailing it across the back yard to a convenient window or door.

Of all the sitters before a camera, a bird can be most exasperating. It poses proudly just in focus while the sun is shut him in fight and the string has tightened to spring the shutter; then—the frightened model spies a worm, turns his back, and probably hops with it to the next county.

The few good negatives I have were taken in fair fight. To him who must depend upon his back yard for adventure I recommend this game. It's a liberal education, and good, clean sport.

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Aug. 2, 1913

Wireless Boys Who Went Down with Their Ships

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER

On this monument are the names of ten young wireless operators who, in the midst of storm and terror, stuck to their post of duty and went down with their ships. In nearly every case, not a soul on board would have been saved but for the courage and faithfulness of the wireless operator.

ON the twelfth day of May a monument was unveiled in Battery Park, New York, to commemorate the courage of the ten wireless operators who have perished in wrecks about the American continent.

THE most familiar name on the monument is that of Jack Phillips, who went down on the *Titanic*, and who stood over his instrument until every lifeboat was gone, sending to the *Carpathia* directions as to how to reach the sinking vessel. But for his courage and persistence, the death list of the *Titanic* would have been 2,350 instead of 1,595.

Harold Bride, the assistant operator, was among those of the crew picked up by the *Carpathia*, and his story of Phillips' end was printed in the New York *Times* when the *Carpathia* arrived. Bride had been asleep in the cabin behind the operating-room, and had come in in his nightclothes to relieve Phillips. Neither Bride or Phillips had felt a jar or shock of any kind, when Captain Smith appeared at the door of the wireless house and said: "We've struck an iceberg. I'm having an inspection made to see how much we are damaged. Be ready to send a call for assistance." Then he disappeared, leaving the two operators astonished. In ten minutes he returned, stuck his head into the operating-room, and merely said: "Send out the call for assistance."

Phillips began to send the C. Q. D. Bride jokingly told him to send the new call, S. O. S., as it might be the last chance he would get to use it. Phillips laughed and changed the call. He got the *Frankfurd*, and told them the *Titanic* was sinking by the head. By this time the list forward was perceptible. Then Phillips got the *Carpathia*, who said she was putting about and making for them. Phillips sent Bride to tell the Captain the *Carpathia* was coming. When Bride came back, he heard Phillips giving the *Carpathia* directions as to where to find the *Titanic*. He told Bride to get his clothes on, and Bride realized for the first time that he was in his nightclothes. He dressed, put on an overcoat, and brought another overcoat and put it around Phillips' shoulders as he worked. Captain Smith came to the door again, and told Phillips to send the *Carpathia* word that the engine-room was taking water and the dynamos couldn't last.

The life-boats had been going off for some time now. The deck was in a turmoil, and for the last fifteen minutes Phillips sent under a terrible strain, amid the general scramble. Bride got a lifebelt for himself, and strapped one around Phillips, who was still standing at his instrument, urging on and directing the *Carpathia*. He told Bride to see if there were any life-boats left. Bride went out and helped some men launch the last collapsible, then came back and told Phillips that the last boat was going. The Captain came and told them to abandon the operating-room, and take care of themselves, if they could. Phillips kept sending for ten minutes after the Captain had released him, answering questions from the *Carpathia*. Bride saw a stoker steal up behind Phillips and try to get his lifebelt off him. He rushed out of the inner cabin and knocked the fellow senseless. The water began pouring into the operating-room, and the two operators went on deck just as the *Titanic* made her final plunge, and Bride never saw Phillips again.

CLIFTON J. FLEMING and Harry Fred Otto were lost in the three-masted lumber schooner *Francis J. Leggett* last September, sixty miles out at sea from the mouth of the Columbia River. In this wreck eighty persons were drowned, and there were only two survivors. One of the two survivors caught a piece of lumber, and hung to it for ten hours in the icy water before he was rescued. He said one of the wireless men swam up and caught the same tie to which he was clinging, and hung there for several hours, but was so benumbed by the cold that he finally let go and sank.

STEPHEN SZCZEPANEK, a Pole from Worcester, Massachusetts, went down when the *Pere Marquette*, flagship of the fleet of five car ferries owned by the Pere Marquette Railroad, sank in four hundred feet of water in Lake Michigan, twenty miles from land. He sat at his desk flashing, "Car ferry 18 sinking—help," until the boat sank under him. His message was caught by the station at Ludington, and another car ferry was sent out and saved thirty-three passengers.

ADOLPH J. SVENDSON, a Scandinavian, went out under more terrible circumstances when the schooner *Hesseles*, last November, struck Duxbury Reef, off the coast of California. Life-savers came from Fort Point life station, brought a mortar and lines, and tried to reach her. They sent out line after line, but each one fell short, and the boat was breaking to pieces. The life-savers were so wrought up by their failures that they put in a double charge —and burst the mortar. They sent out a life-boat, but it was smashed in the breakers and the volunteer crew drowned. A brave sailor from the *Hesseles* tried to swim ashore with a line. He made a wonderful swim of it, but when he reached the breakers he disappeared. Fifty-eight passengers and all of the crew were lost.

WALTER REKER was lost in Puget Sound last August, on the *Admiral Sampson*. The steamship was rammed in a fog by a Canadian vessel, the *Princess Victoria*. The bow of the *Victoria* entered the hull of the *Sampson* just at the point where a large amount of fuel oil was stored, crushed several of the containers, and set them on fire. In a few moments both vessels were wrapped in flames. The *Victoria* drew off, put out the fire, and lay by to pick up the boats from the *Admiral Sampson*. All the passengers and most of the crew were saved. Reker, the wireless operator, the Captain, and the chief engineer were the last to leave the ship; and they went down while they were trying to launch the last life-boat.

DONALD C. PERKINS perished in the wreck of the steamship *State of California*, two years ago. The steamer, running at full speed, struck an uncharted rock in Gambier Bay, ninety miles south of Juneau, Alaska. The entire bottom of the vessel was torn off, and she filled and sank in three minutes. Within that three minutes Perkins got out his call for help several times, otherwise there would not have been a single survivor. As it was, twenty-five passengers were drowned, and seven of the crew. Of these seven, the wireless operator was one.

LAWRENCE PRUDHUNT, wireless operator on the oil-tank steamer *Rosecrans*, was drowned when the steamer was sunk on Peacock Split, in the mouth of the Columbia River, in January, 1913. The tank-boat was caught in a sixty-mile gale with 18,000 gallons of oil on board. The Weather Bureau station at Northead picked up Prudhunt's C. Q. D. He said the steamer was being driven toward the shore by currents and a terrific gale. His second message was interrupted. Nothing more was ever heard or seen of the vessel, except two men, lashed in the upper rigging, who were lost in the end.

GEORGE C. ECCLES was lost on the steamship *Ohio*, sunk off Steep Point, near Ketchikan, Alaska, August 26, 1909. Wireless Operator Booth was sitting in his operating-room at the wireless station at Ketchikan, with his receiver on his ears, and had just finished talking with Eccles of the *Ohio*. He was amazed when he suddenly got a C. Q. D. call from Eccles. He answered it, and got from Eccles the following:

Ohio struck rock. Steamer sinking fast. Send aid immediately or every body will be lost. CAPTAIN.

Booth was dazed for a moment. Just then the steamships *Humboldt* and *Rupert* called the *Ohio*, and asked for her latitude. Booth heard the call, and he heard Eccles flash back the answer. In a few moments Booth heard Eccles again, and this time he said:

Ohio sinking fast. Can not hold out. Passengers are being taken off in small boats. Captain and crew will stick till last.

Humboldt and *Rupert* both replied they were making for the *Ohio* at their utmost speed and would pick up passengers. Eccles flashed back another message:

Passengers off and adrift in small boats. Captain and crew going off in last boat, waiting for me now. My God! I'm——

The message was never finished. Operator Booth sent call after call to the *Ohio*, but got no answer. The *Ohio* had suddenly broken loose from the rock on which she had been hanging. She sank instantly, and Eccles was trapped in his wireless house.

FREDERICK J. KUEHN, a New York boy, only twenty years old, one of the youngest men in the wireless service, gave his life to save a woman, when the Old Dominion coast liner *Monroe* was rammed and sunk by the *Nantucket* off the Virginia Capes.

The accident happened at two in the morning. Kuehn stayed at his instrument until he was told to go; then he snapped off his call and adjusted his life-preserver. He left the wireless house and went to boat 3, which was just being launched. A woman came running along the slanting deck, crying. Kuehn asked her where her life-belt was, and then said: "Here, take this. I'll get another." He took off his life-preserver. Just as he finished buckling it around her body, the *Monroe* took its long downward plunge, and those who were still on deck were swept into the sea. Thirty-nine were drowned; the *Nantucket* saved 101. Kuehn was never seen again.

The pleasant fountain, the seats, and the monolith in Battery Park are a reminder of all these stories, and bring together the names of these men who never saw one another, but who possessed one common quality. Probably not one of them ever intended to be a hero. They were all young men, and went into wireless because it was a new and exciting business and appealed to the imagination. In a new form of service they found an old opportunity. They met it in such a way that, though this profession is less than a dozen years old, it has already a fine tradition.

When Butterflies Are Jewels

Mrs. Mary Wootton pays fifty dollars for butterflies that are beautiful. Then she mounts them with painstaking care and they become the most delicate and beautiful jewels in the world. Her art has been called "the only art in the United States which shows no trace of European influence."

IT was reserved for a Boston woman, Mrs. Moray Wootton, to invent a method whereby the butterfly's beauty could be utilized in art. She uses butterflies in jewelry, and in decorating a great variety of useful things, from tea-trays to boxes for candy.

She has made such a success of the business that its expenses are already more than fifty thousand dollars a year. Although she started her enterprise only a few years ago, Mrs. Wootton now employs twelve young women to help her; the demand for her products, especially by jewelers, is steadily on the increase. Most of her expense is in the purchase of butterflies, some of which are fabulously priced.

Fifty dollars for a single butterfly is not too much to pay, from Mrs. Wootton's point of view, if it be rare and specially beautiful. She simply adds the cost to the price of the decorative plaque or what-not that it is used to adorn. And jewelers who market her goods find their customers willing to pay large prices when butterflies are correspondingly splendid.

Real Butterflies Form Motifs for Designs

THE butterfly, however, is in each case only the motif of the design. Delicate, silky fibers of milkweed make an exquisite background. Dainty grasses, also, are introduced. And, the cases being of gold or enamel, covered with glass, the result is altogether delightful.

Getting the butterflies is Mrs. Wootton's biggest problem. Some of them she catches herself, going forth in pursuit of them with net and cyanide bottle. Others she buys from enterprising boys, paying seven cents apiece for them. But most of them she obtains from the tropics, purchasing them from dealers who make a business of importing the insects from professional collectors in far-away countries.

Butterfly-collecting, indeed, is a vastly more important industry than most people imagine. At every important seaport in tropical America there are butterfly-buyers, whose agents employ natives to hunt for butterflies. It is a worth-while business, inasmuch as a single specimen, if sufficiently rare, may be worth five hundred dollars, or even twice that sum. In European countries a fad for butterflies seems to be permanently established; auctions for their sale are held at regular intervals in London.

They Must Be Beautiful in Artificial Light

THE butterflies used by Mrs. Wootton must have colors that are as brilliant in artificial light as in the daytime. One recently secured by her came from an island off the coast of Africa. It was of a species found nowhere in the world except on that particular piece of the earth, a gorgeous creature, measuring seven inches from wing-tip to wing-tip, its coloring gold and emerald-green, with a background resembling black velvet and a gleam of deep ruby where the wings joined. Such a butterfly, of course, mounted by itself, and with a background of milkweed and grasses, would be an adequate decoration for an art object.

Milkweed silk in any quantity is readily obtained. But to prepare it for Mrs. Wootton's purpose is a difficult matter. The fibers are attached to seeds, many fibers for each seed—nature's object in this arrangement being to accomplish the distribution of the seeds, which are carried by the breezes through the air, the silky filaments serving as parachutes. It is necessary to comb out the filaments so that no two of them shall cross, in order to make a background of shimmering smoothness. The grasses are a problem in themselves. Only certain kinds will serve, and most of those used by Mrs. Wootton she is obliged to import from foreign countries.

Americans have not yet learned to appreciate the butterfly, so that Mrs. Wootton's work may be regarded as possessing no educational value. That it accomplishes this object may be judged from the rapidity with which a market for it has developed. A French connoisseur and expert recently remarked that it was the only art work he had found in the United States that showed no mark of European origin or influence.

The natives in tropical countries who collect most of the butterflies that Mrs. Wootton buys adopt for the purpose methods that are more than curious. Many of the most desired species, because they are rare and big and of brilliant coloring, seem never to come near the ground. They fly about among the tops of the tallest trees, and to catch them is an affair of extreme difficulty.

One method adopted by the native butterfly-hunters is to erect rude platforms in the tree-tops, and there to await the approach of the dainty prey. They smear the trunks of the trees with banana pulp, which, when it is decayed, attracts the insects. Butterflies delight in nothing so much as a bad smell. An orange grove in blossom, with its intense fragrance, has no attraction for them; but a stale fish, if it be really very far gone, is an irresistible bait.

The resourceful natives of tropical America, however, have yet another device for the capture of butterflies. They shoot them with balls of pith discharged from "blow-guns" made of hollow reeds. By these relatively harmless projectiles the insects are stunned or otherwise disabled without being seriously injured, and, falling to the ground, are gathered in by the hunter.

How the Butterflies Are Marketed

MOST of Mrs. Wootton's butterflies, no matter where they come from, reach her by way of Europe, where, in many of the largest cities, there are big commercial establishments that deal in them. The insects, as they reach the dealers, are usually packed in a curious way, each specimen being done up separately in a cocked hat of folded paper. Arranged in this manner, an immense number of them can be shipped in a wooden box of moderate size.

The art works made by Mrs. Wootton are so contrived that in every case the design beneath the cover-glass is waterproof and air-proof, the sealing of the cover being hermetical. Thus, unless the plaque, box, or other object is broken, the butterfly, with its background of milkweed silk and grasses, is imperishable; it will retain its brilliancy of coloring forever. Perhaps her most exquisite work is in the jewelry, such as brooches and lavalliéres, in which a single butterfly, selected for its brilliancy of hue, though necessarily of no great size, is the central feature.

When it rains in Manila it is time for boat horses. A boat horse is a pony that fears nothing, and hauls high carriages through flooded streets after a tropic downpour.

The Oldest Woman in the World

The oldest woman in the world was but forty-five years old when she died. Her life was lived at least three hundred thousand years ago.

THEY found her only a short time ago—the oldest woman in the world. She could not very well object to this descriptive remark, because at least three hundred thousand years (according to the scientists' reckoning) have elapsed since she was born.

Her home was a hole in the rocks, very picturesquely located above a little stream that brawled over its pebbly bottom through a valley of France, a few miles to the northeast of the present-day city of Bordeaux.

Close by the stream was an almost vertical cliff, in which were a number of caverns of no great size, but big enough to make dwellings that might well be esteemed very comfortable in an age when house-building was an art unknown. As an additional advantage, the caverns were overhung by a sort of rock-shelf, which protected their entrances against rain and snow.

The reason so much interest attaches to the female person here described is that she is the only very ancient woman whose bones have ever been discovered. Hers was an epoch when man was as yet a wild beast, his body covered with long hair and his physical aspect extremely horrific. This picture of him is no more product of guess-work, for several of these ancestors of ours have been dug up within recent years in various parts of Europe—their skeletons, that is to say, and in particular their astonishing jaws, massively huge and adorned with teeth much greater in size than we, their descendants, can boast. Doubtless they used their teeth in combat at close quarters.

Such were the characteristics of the "Neanderthal man," the "man of Spy," and other famous individuals whose remains have been unearthed. Up to date a sufficient number of these representatives of the world's oldest families have been disinterred to establish them as a type primeval. They show us what our remote forebears really looked like; and the caves they dwelt in, considered together with the weapons and utensils they left behind, and the accompanying bones of the animals they ate, afford a vivid idea of the conditions under which they lived.

The "oldest woman" above mentioned seems to have been about forty-five years of age. It is evident (judging from the shape of her skull) that she shared the lack of mental development that characterized the folk of her period. Her huge teeth (their enamel still well preserved) are a good deal worn—possibly from much gnawing of bones.

She Was Found Near the Bones of Extinct Animals.

The rocky mass containing the nascent remains was taken out in as perfect a condition as possible and shipped to Paris, where scientific experts with the utmost care worked the bones out of the enveloping "matrix." Pressure had caused the different parts of the skull to overlap; but fortunately, the greater portion of the cranium was preserved, and in the jaws fourteen teeth, remarkably white, remained.

In the clayey sand, together with the skeleton of the "oldest woman," were found lance-points, knives, and scrapers—also bones of the horse, the reindeer, and the mammoth. To ancient man the horse was useful only as a food animal. The reindeer and the mammoth, of course, have been extinct for uncounted centuries in Europe—a fact that in itself suffices to suggest the extreme remoteness of the time in which the "oldest woman" lived.

Curly Locks

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Illustrations by Harvey Emrich

"Her hair was hanging in two great braids over her shoulders, and she stood there at the edge of the clearing with her big brown eyes shining in wonder, and looking about a million times as pretty as she'd ever looked in her life before."

ONE word can make a heap of difference in the meaning of a thing. One of the best and manliest chaps I ever ran across in my life was called Curly. He was a big, two-fisted guy, with a love for women and all that sort of thing. The nickname Curly fitted him to a T, just as the nickname Curly Locks fitted T. Walter Burney.

When T. Walter first joined the outfit we called him T. Walter, which seemed pretty appropriate, all things considered. But it didn't take the least observant of us more than an hour or so to discover that he was stuck on that initial-and-name combination, and then Lonny Haslett, one of the operators, hit on the name of Curly Locks. It was passed unanimously.

"When Curly Locks lamped her he capitulated right off."

Of course we knew all about T. Walter before he joined the company; that is, we had all been filled full of the bunk handed out by the moving picture monthlies every issue. We'd seen pictures of him in every sort of costume and garb, and we knew his family history, the various romances through which he had been (in the mind of a good press agent); we'd absorbed thrilling accounts of his adventures, and we had seen his work on the screen. There was no doubt about it, he was a great moving picture actor!

Of course I'm not saying that he had Warren Kerrigan and Maurice Costello and Arthur Johnson and Francis Bushman shaded when it came to sure-'nough acting; but he was there with the matinee idol stuff, and then some. So when we heard that our people had got him to stick his John Hancock at the bottom of a fat and juicy contract, covering the period of three calendar years, we rejoiced. Then we heard that he was coming down to join our North Carolina bunch, and that tickled us more than ever—me especially.

You see, it was this way with me,—it was my first season as a managing director, and I was dead anxious to make good. The Takagraph Company (those are the princes I work for) had sent me down to the wilds of North Carolina with a batch of scenarios from staff writers and free lances, with orders to take 'em, and also to picturize three novels of a certain well known writer, the scenes of which were laid in the mountains thereabouts. I ain't a beginner in the game; but I was a mite nervous. Pretty big assignment that was, seeing that it was the first time I'd been away from the eyes of the Big Noises.

They gave me a good enough cast, all things considered,—principally players who were fitted for stock, playing a moonshiner to-day and a city gentleman to-morrow, and all of them able to ride and swim and do things that outdoor movie folks need to do. But we didn't have any one particular star with us, and that was where I was working under a handicap—because, no matter what you think, I know that the name of a movie star helps to popularize a picture.

In one way I was glad they shouldered all that responsibility off on me. I wanted to introduce a few things in the motion-picture-taking business. I wanted to have a villain who wasn't forever wearing a Norfolk jacket and puttees, and didn't have a two-for-a-nickel mustache. I wanted to work some soldiers into the picture, and dress 'em like the United States government dresses 'em, instead of dolling them up in blue uniforms of the '61 vintage and broad-brimmed felt hats. I wonder why it is some of the other directors don't notice that the American soldiers wear caps and not hats, and that they don't wear felt or khaki with blue uniforms, and that styles have changed a bit since the Civil War was fought?

But to wise you up to our location in the first place, I'll tell you where we were.

Twenty-two miles south of Asheville, North Carolina, is a summer resort known as Hendersonville, noted chiefly for being the seat of pretty nearly the only Republican county in the South. It's a little place, with a wide main street, a few auction shops, and five or six hotels. Everything else in the place is a boarding-house or soda-water stand.

FIFTEEN miles out from there, over one of the prettiest roads man ever traveled east of the Rockies, is a little burg with the name of Edneyville, and just above there is Bats Cave. We were at Bats Cave. Thank goodness the company had sent down an advance man and things were fixed up for us by the time we got there! It was summer too, and a crowd of visitors at the boarding-houses around there made me feel easy about getting supes for the bigger pictures.

As I say, we didn't have a star, and I needed one the worst way; which, incidentally, was the way I got one. Then came the rural mail rider from Hendersonville one morning bringing me a wire from Tompkins which told me that T. Walter Burney was even then en route to join us. He had jumped a big firm and had left their Coast studio that day.

Burney was just the style of man who impresses the girls in the audience with an "Oh! ain't he grand?" feeling,—tall and broad and straight and classic of features, and with long, curly hair; and the way he could make love in pantomime! We knew only those things about him that the adoring interviewers and mercenary press agents had collected and printed in the magazines. And we prepared for him the corkingest little reception!

We met him in Hendersonville with carryalls and buggies and handshakes and welcome-homes, and before we'd been talking to him five minutes we were sorry. Why, that confounded chap took everything as a matter of course! He seemed to think it was natural that we should tender him an ovation, and before we'd passed the livery stable on our way from town to the Bats Cave headquarters he was telling us what a great deal the Takagraph people pulled in landing him as their stellar feature.

IT was before we hit the first climb that Bill Travers looked him straight in the eye and called him "T. Walter." Some of us snickered openly, because we were a democratic bunch, and we were dead sore at the airs he was putting on. And he didn't even turn a hair, except to flush in a rather pleased manner. It remained for Lonny Haslett to give him the lasting nickname. We were winding up a mountain where the view was pretty good, and Lonny, who was riding on the rear seat of our rig, leaned over to Burney and says, loud enough for every one near there to hear:

"Great view, ain't it, Curly Locks?"

I kind of caught my breath there, because Lonny is a little chap, and I was afraid Curly Locks might make a pass at him. But he didn't. He just smiled, brushed his right hand through his hair, and remarked that it was; but not nearly so pretty as the far West.

The longer Curly Locks stayed with us the less I wondered that the other company had let him go. He was absolutely the limit to get along with, and he made love to every girl within range.

He was a funny nut that way, too. Didn't try to flirt with any of the girls in the company—probably was wise enough to see that they wouldn't fall for him. No, I take that back. Curly Locks had an idea that he could marry a Russian Princess if he wanted to. But anyway he instinctively let the professionals alone and confined his lovemaking to every other pretty girl that came within sight.

It was sickening. We'd get out in the morning to film a few scenes while the sun was good, and Curly Locks would be dolled up in a good-looking, picturesque mountain costume, posing with his hands on his hips and that gentle smile on his map,—the smile that put about a thousand on his contract,—and then the summer girls would come up in bunches to watch us work, and they'd gang close, and he'd lead 'em on to talk to him, and before they'd been chatting five minutes he'd have dates with half of 'em.

I tried every way in my power to queer him with the dames; and I think I'd have got away with it, but for the calm, unruffled way he took the worst of my gibes. For instance, he was jollying a bunch of them one morning when we were doing some scenes in "The Moonshiner's Wife." Lonny made his set-up, and I was ready to rehearse. So I sings out loud:

"Hey, Lothario! On the job for this scene. Quick!"

He never flickered—though I learned afterward he never heard of that Lothario chap before. That was the way he put it. And when Lonny took pains to explain to him who and what Lothario was the boob took my nickname as a compliment, and wanted to chum with me in thanks for it.

WHAT could I do? He was a bird of an actor, even if he wasn't any too amenable to discipline, and wanted to do every scene his own way, 'stead of mine, and his salary was enough to give a normally paid person the jimjams, and the public was screaming for pictures starring him, and the Big Bosses up North didn't know what a personal lemon he was, and there wasn't a dad-blamed thing for me to do but to grit my teeth and bear it and get what little satisfaction I could in the knowledge that I was slamming him verbally all the time, and giving the rest of the company a run for their money. Believe me, if there was one thing that made the rest of our crowd a happy family, it was the general dislike of Curly Locks!

And so one night I called a mass meeting. Curly Locks had ridden down to Edneyville to call on a native girl (sure! he liked 'em all to love him, mountain girl or summer visitor—'slong as they were pretty and young!), and I considered it the appointed time.

When I got 'em together down there in the grove, with the big full moon

streaming down through the trees, and giving us almost as much light as we have in the daytime, I commenced by telling them what they all knew,—that Curly Locks was impossible, but that we had to put up with him on account of that contract and the demand that there was for him. And then I got down to the meat of the matter.

I told 'em that it wasn't no use mincing matters,—we just simply had to take Curly Locks down about seven pegs, and we had to keep him down. And there wasn't a way to do it that I could see. I asked suggestions from the bunch, and Lonny Haslett, as usual, got into the heart of the matter.

"Before you get your think tanks in action," says Lonny, "get yourself wise to this dope. There ain't but one way to get this here Curly Locks, and that is by laughing at him so he'll know you're laughing at him. Which heretofore has been the trouble with Mr. Curly Locks. We've given him the ha-ha time and time again, and he hasn't realized that we've been doing it. The thing for us to do is to humble him, abash him, drag him in the dust, and make him look so silly that he'll never want to look the world in the face again."

Then Lonny bowed and sat down.

"I'll tell you one thing that ought to be done," growled Croxton Miller, our heavy man. "Some one ought to poke his face in."

I looked Miller over pretty closely. He'd always seemed to more than merely dislike Curly Locks. "How?"

"Cinch! Work a fake picture with a fight. Make him put on the fight scene with some husky, and let that husky lay him the bar out of him. Make 'em use gloves, so his everlasting features won't be hurt too much; but be sure that that whole crowd of girls from Edneyville and thereabouts are up here to take in the show. Film the scene, and then maybe when he gets too obstreperous in the future we can flash it as a local exhibition."

We gave him three cheers and a tiger on that.

"Who's to do the licking of him?" I asked.

He smiled very grimly. "Me," he says. "I'm there with the gloves. Used to be considered 'most good enough for the professional ranks."

ANYWAY, just to show you what a slush job we had, I pulled the stunt off just two days later—and believe me we had arranged things so that the Edneyville bunch was there, and we'd even managed to see that some girls came out from Hendersonville to take in the orgy of humiliation for which Curly Locks was scheduled.

I'd told Curly Locks that this was a picture that had as its big scene an open-air prize fight. I told him that I'd instructed Miller to scrap hard, and that he was to do the same, as the picture must be realistic.

"Remember that fight William Farnum had in 'The Spoilers,'" I said. "Well, make it harder'n that!"

He just smiled. We got ready and posed the picture. Lonny inside his set-up carefully, and then I gave 'em the word. This scene didn't need a rehearsal.

Now I ain't saying that Croxton Miller was a liar when he said he could handle the mitts; but what I am saying is that he didn't show it. That Curly Locks was a freak. I'll bet he could finish Jess Willard inside of six rounds! He jabbed and swung and hooked and pounded and slammed and banged until, as Miller said afterward, he thought the mountains were falling on him.

In the middle of the very first round Curly Locks says to me over his shoulder, "Am I goin' too hard?"

I didn't say anything. I was speechless.

"When does the knockout come?" asks Curly Locks.

With that Miller gamely waded in and commenced slamming weakly for the stomach.

"Now!" he says.

"Aright," says Curly Locks, and he hooks his right to the side of the jaw. The blow didn't travel more'n six inches, and Croxton Miller went down and out.

Then Curly Locks turns to me and says superciliously:

"I'm afraid I was a bit rough with him, Tommy,"—he always called me Tommy, confound his nerve!—"but he wouldn't go down when his cue came!" Then he puts on his sweater over the gym shirt he was wearing and joins the bunch of girls under the trees.

Believe me, kid, we were up against it—and then some!

He was too much stuck on himself to think that we had a contempt for him, and he'd proved that there were mighty few ways we might approach him so it'd make an impression.

AND then, a telegram came from headquarters, brief and deliciously to the point. It just said:

Eunice Bailey joins you Wednesday, Carries full instructions. Will play opposite Burney. Meet her Hendersonville eleven a. m. train.

And before I had finished reading the telegram I was doing a hootch around the grove. I knew that my problem was solved,—had the plan and all,—and the best part of it was that I knew the girl. I knew Eunice was as sweet as they make 'em, and that she was a dead game sport—and a consummate actress. There never was a doubt in my mind that she'd enter into the plan, and when I wised the others up to it they fairly howled with glee.

And the most important feature of the plot was that Curly Locks wasn't to know that Eunice was coming. We knew that the news wouldn't get down there in the theatrical journals for at least three or four weeks, and by that time the work would have been done, and Curly Locks would have become tractable—or he'd have skipped out and the Big Uns couldn't lay the blame on me. It was a ticklish position for a new director, believe me! Up in the Northern studios the big fellows can see for themselves how the land lies when these little internal dissensions come along; but the longest and best letter ever written would never have wised them up to the truth of the thing down in Bats Cave.

To make a long story short, Eunice stepped off the observation platform of the south-bound Carolina Special at eleven o'clock Wednesday morning, and, take it from me, she made the natives stare! I needn't describe Eunice: you're all familiar with her. Her name is plastered over every respectable moving-picture theater front, and she's liked by women as well as men. And an actress—Eunice is there with the goods all right and then some! Why, when she deserted the movies for the legit one season we all had heart failure, or pretty nearly that.

I'd fixed Curly Locks up for the day all right, by putting Tom Sayers in charge of a couple of mountaineer scenes which were necessary and in which Curly Locks was the whole cheese, and the bunch, with Lonny Haslett, had gone out toward Sugar Loaf Mountain to spend the day. And the first thing I did with Eunice was to cart her up to the Kentucky Home Hotel with me, appropriate a corner of the little music room, and begin my spiel.

SHE listened attentively,—as she always does, bless her!—and before I finished my little plan her eyes were shining like twin stars,—that's the way her press agent talks about her, and for once a publicity man is up against a game he can't exaggerate,—and I could see that she was with me heart, soul, and so forth—especially and so forth.

"To sum it up," I finished after spieling for about an hour, "this here Curly Locks would make love to a wooden Indian, provided that Indian was a female. He thinks every skirt the Lord ever fashioned is stuck on him, and he's open and fair in his favors. Girls are fair game to him, and he'll chase a pretty one from here to Jericho—North Carolina. I can't understand it. Seems like he'd get enough of 'em, or else get tangled in a matrimonial venture; but so far there's been nothing doing."

"He—" started Eunice; but I cut her short.

"No! Never heard a breath of scandal against him, else I wouldn't ask you to try this little game. He just simply is addlepated enough to love love and to love to love—some mixup in loves, eh? But that's Curly Locks from the word go. All a mixup in loves. I believe he'd starve to death without it.

"He doesn't know a thing about your coming here, and I'll see to it that he doesn't find out. There isn't the slightest danger of any of the company spilling the good news, principally because only those I can trust have been wised up to it, and secondarily because they're as dead anxious to take a fall out of Curly Locks as I am.

"I've framed things with Sam Harding. He's a great old fellow, is Sam, and I know I was safe in trusting him with the whole business. Sam and his wife live there on the mountain, and they're as nice and respectable as can be. You're to be their niece. Incidentally I'm going to stay over there as long as you do—sort of protector and all that, although of course we'll have nothing whatever to do with each other. You'll pose as a mountain girl with a one-year college veneer and a world of ambition. You'll go wild over Curly Locks—"

"But suppose he recognizes me?"

I laughed. "Never a chance. How in the world would he ever associate the simply dressed, very pretty niece"—she bowed at that—"of Sam Harding with Eunice Bailey, the most popular and accomplished screen artist in the world? Never! It isn't like he suspected that you were coming; he doesn't. And remember he's never seen you except in the pictures and magazines; so you're safe as they make 'em."

"And the finale will be—"

"Make a fool of him. You're clever, and you're playing a game. Make him propose, and then plan an elopement. We'll be on the job when the elopement is going to take place, and we'll let him know who you are and give him the merry ha-ha. No one will have any kick coming, because if they have we'll say that it was all just a harmless joke done in the best of humors; but if we work the cards right, he'll be the most humbled man you ever saw in your life. He's a good actor; but when that revelation comes he'll show his true feelings, and after that we'll have him under our thumbs. That's been my idea right along,—we want to laugh at him. A man like him can be reached only in that way,—by laughing and by letting him know what you're laughing at. Are you on?"

Her eyes laughed straight into mine. "I wouldn't miss it for the world," she replied smilingly, and I knew that she meant what she said. Some queen, Eunice is!

TWO days before her arrival I'd moved from the invitation hotel where we were staying to Sam Harding's two-story frame house. It was neat and clean as wax. The old man was a war veteran. That's prima facie evidence of decency in the South.

Next morning we were rehearsing the opening scenes of "The Mountain Feud," a three-reeler, when Eunice hove into view. She was dolled out in a blue skirt and a middy blouse. Her hair was hanging in two great long braids over her shoulders, and she stood there at the edge of the clearing with her big brown eyes shining in wonder and looking about a million times as pretty as she'd ever looked before in her life. Even though there was plenty doing in that open space, Eunice, hidden in the trees, had a way of compelling your eyes. And when Curly Locks lamped her he capitulated right off.

I don't much blame him. Me, I'm a married man, but if I had been single that day down there at Bats Cove, and had seen this little mountain girl under the trees, I'd have laid my future prospects at her feet with nary a whimper. She was the best looking thing—but pshaw! that's unseemly for a benedict!

"Who is she, Tommy?" he asks me.

"Who?" I retorted, and he withered me with a look.

"The princess under the trees."

I tried to be very casual, and answered while turning away: "Dunno. Think she's Sam Harding's niece. Anyway, she's staying over where I do!" And with that I started away.

But no sooner had I reached Harding's place than Curly Locks showed up, still in his costume, and looking handsome enough to shoot.

"What's the dope?" I asked.

"Nothing," he countered easily. "Just thought I'd sit awhile."

Little while later Eunice came up the walk. She let her eyes grow wide as they met Curly Locks', and then—clever little minx that she is—she circled the house and entered the back way. I never saw a man so crestfallen as Curly Locks was at that minute, and to save my life I couldn't resist the opportunity it offered.

"I see how you stand *there*, all right, all right!" I said.

BUT, to bridge another gap of time, he met her the next day by going direct to the place and getting in strong with Sam Harding. Old Sam, as I have explained, was onto the frame-up, and with true mountaineer sagacity he worked a box of fine cigars out of Curly Locks before he ponied the introduction.

After that everything was chicken, and we just lay back and prepared for the big laugh that was coming pretty soon; for, believe me, Eunice didn't lose any tricks in having that big boob trailing her on every and all occasions.

And she didn't overdo it—not a speck she didn't! She was too much of an artist for that. When he wanted her to come and see him pose for pictures he had to call for her, and many's the time I've waited from twenty minutes to a half-hour for him to show up with Eunice on his arm. And time counts in making pictures—principally because every day isn't a good day, and up there in the mountains you're liable to have a couple of showers any old time, and that breaks things up considerably.

That was another reason why Eunice had to work quickly, and couldn't afford to let any tricks get away from her. The Big Uns in the North would begin pretty soon to ask for Bailey-Burney's release, and it was up to us to furnish them. Two weeks was the limit I'd set for her, and I saw by the way she was going that that was ample time. She wasn't letting a trick get away.

Four days from the time they met cut flowers began to come down from Asheville via Hendersonville, and Curly Locks had rented a buggy by the week from a Hendersonville livery stable. And along about that time the moon was full, and every night the mountain ranges around were silver-tinted, and they used to stroll in the evening down to the little river that sizzled over the rocks about a quarter of a mile from Sam's place, and there they'd sit and talk. Great work, I tell you!

And then, ten days from the time Eunice stepped off the Carolina Special in Hendersonville, Curly Locks came to me and asked for a day off. I sort of resigned at that until he told me that he planned to go into Hendersonville next day with Eunice. Then I said yes; for I knew that the Grand Slam was about to be played.

NEXT morning bright and early they started off, Eunice flushed and happy, looking over the victory she'd won, and I tipped her the wink as they drove away. Then I selected a bunch of trusties such as Lonny Haslett and Croxton Miller and a couple of the women in the cast, and we hitched up and followed them. Some how they managed to keep out of sight of us; but then that was probably because they had a light-running buggy and the road wasn't calculated to give speed to the type of vehicles we were using.

We were in a gale of spirits, because we knew well enough that Eunice wasn't going to give the game away until we got there. Once across the tracks in Hendersonville, I headed the procession straight for the Wheeler, where it had been prearranged the couple would go if anything like this was attempted. You can wager I hadn't overlooked any

lots. Too much was dependent on the laugh we pulled out of it—at the expense of Mister Curly Locks.

Sure enough, when we drove up the high winding road that leads under the porte-cochère of the Wheeler, there they were on the veranda, and Curly Locks' eyes opened a mile and a half or so when he saw us coming. I believe that was the first time he suspected that everything wasn't as he might like to have had it.

We stalked up on the veranda and joined them. Eunice was flushed and a wee mite uncomfortable, it seemed to me. But I pretended surprise. I shook hands with Curly Locks, and asked him what he was doing there.

"That's my business," he says curtly.

"Don't get huffy," I remarks, biding my time for the showdown. "What's the rub?"

"I repeat," he says haughtily, "that's my business."

I nodded to Eunice. "May I speak to you a second?" I asked.

She joined me.

"Is this the time?" I asks.

"In a minute," she says.

"Why not now?"

"The minister's on his way over."

She said it calmly, but her eyes were twinkling. And then I understood. Bless her! She was sure doing the trick up brown. Actually going to get the minister there and then give him the laugh! I chuckled all over, and Eunice and I exchanged winks.

AND then finally the minister came, and we repaired to a parlor that Curly Locks had hired. Even then I think he was sore at our being there. Thought maybe we imagined his intentions weren't all they should have been. And then, when the whole bunch was gathered round, and the doors were closed, I winked at Eunice and she winked back at me. I stepped forward.

"T. Walter Burney," I says, trying hard to conceal the chuckle in my voice, "are you going to marry this young lady?"

"I am," he says aggressively.

I could hardly control my grin. "Sam Harding's niece?" I says.

I turned to the bunch, and nodded them forward. Then I faced Curly Locks once more.

"Curly Locks," I says happily, "you're the victim of the biggest frame-up that has ever been framed in this world. You've always imagined that every girl you have met has fallen in love with you, and you make love to all of 'em. You made us sick—the whole bunch of us. We know that the minute this young lady showed up you'd make a set for her, because she is pretty. You've worked according to Hoyle. Now it's our turn. You intend to marry her—now?"

"What do you mean?" he asked grimly. "I'm not letting any two-by-four movie director inquire into my most personal affairs. And what's the frame-up?"

"Do you know who she is?" I asks, indicating the blushing Eunice.

"Sam Harding's niece," he replies.

That was my time. I struck a Mansfield pose.

"She is Miss Eunice Bailey, the cleverest actress in the world!" I says impressively.

"'Curly Locks,' I said, 'you're the victim of the biggest frame-up that has ever been framed in this world.'"

EUNICE didn't meet his eyes just then. He crossed the room to her side, and slipped his arm about her waist. For the first time since I'd seen him he looked like a man instead of a model. His voice was deadly serious too.

"You never told me!" he says softly.

She hung her head.

"And it's all a frame-up?" he repeats. "And you don't love me, Miriam?" She's previously given her name as Miriam Harding.

"I—" she starts, and then she chokes. "I—I—"

Somehow we didn't feel like laughing just then. It was a kind of rotten deal to hand out, even to Curly Locks. I reckon we all felt a mite sorry for him.

"Will you marry me now?" he says quietly. "I love you."

She looks up at that and her eyes are teary. "You were really going to marry me?" she says wanly.

"I've told you how I feel toward you," he says with real dignity. "But of course if this is a frame-up, I'll just have to take my medicine the best way possible."

She glanced at him then,—all the rest of us were dead silent,—and he looked so game and so manly—not at all like Curly Locks. Then suddenly she broke down and buried her face in his coat.

"I'll marry you," she sobs. "I will! I will! I *will!* And I don't care what any one says about you!"

With that he pats her head gently and turns to the puzzled minister. "Proceed with the ceremony," he says happily. And then to us, "I will ask you to witness the marriage." And for a wonder there wasn't a triumph in his tone. A woman can have a wonderful effect on a man.

The minister stepped forward and extended his hand. "The license?" he asked.

With that Curly Locks produced the marriage license. It was dated three days before—and it was made out in the names of T. Walter Burney and *Miss Eunice Bailey.*

Elephants I Have Known

By Dr. W. E. AUGHINBAUGH

THROUGHOUT the far East the elephant has always played an important rôle, and has been to the natives everything from a god to a servant. No matter what was its station, it has always been credited with having a mentality second only to man's in keenness and reasoning power. Many are the stories told of the sagacity and cunning of the elephant.

In India and the near-by colonies the British Army uses elephants in its transport service, and especially for moving heavy artillery. The beasts come to know the orders and bugle calls as well as do members of the battery. Every now and then one of them goes "must," or mad, and kills or attempts to kill a soldier. For such a crime the punishment is death.

I happened to be at the big army camp in Rawal Pindi at a time to witness the execution of one of these rogue elephants which had been a veteran in the service. His almost human demeanor seemed to show that he was aware of his fate; but he met the end bravely, as becomes a soldier. When he was led before the firing squad, and when the sergeant in command gave the order, "Ready!" the elephant raised the tip of his trunk to his forehead in the attitude of saluting his executioners, and remained in this position until the volley of shots rolled him over dead.

The Elephant as Nursemaid

IN Burma the elephant is used in every capacity. I have seen the small Burmese elephant pounding rice, holding the mess elephant pounding rice, holding the rice with its trunk, and every now and then scattering the husks with a blast of air from the same organ. When not this is occupied, it may be swinging its master's hammock or rocking the baby's cradle with one foot, while driving away the flies with a fan held in its wonderful trunk.

In Rangoon, and in many places in the teak forests and lumber yards, the elephant performs all kinds of manual labor, such as carrying and piling logs. It is interesting to see an old tusker place a timber on a pile, then stand off to one side, squint his eye to see if it is in alignment, and if not approach it and push it into position with his head. They are all strict members of the labor union too, beginning and stopping work promptly with the sawmill whistle. Under no circumstances will they work on Sundays or holidays.

Before the British took Burma, a white elephant ruled the country, holding the dual office of god and king. A man's position in society in Burma is known by the number of roofs on his house. The peasant or farmer, the lowest rung in the social scale, has one roof over his head. The Prime Minister had five, the King six. But the Sacred White Elephant's abode was protected by seven roofs. Thebaw, the last King of Burma, as well as his predecessors, were supposed to rule only under the control and with the approval of this White Elephant.

An Elephant that Ruled a Nation

I HAVE visited the ex-home of this wonderful animal in Mandalay. It occupied the center of a stately grove, and was protected from the gaze of the vulgar by a moat, inside of which was a high-walled fortress. Under a seven-roofed, superbly carved teak-wood building, or palace, lived this animal god and king. Colored glass lamps hung about inside. On a raised stall or dais, protected by a magnificent crystal railing and covered by a red silk canopy, reposed this worshiped beast.

To the king he gave a daily audience, while an army of servants of noble blood formed his retinue and catered to his every whim. Each morning his breakfast consisted of milk from the breasts of twenty-four Burmese women. Thousands of these women daily surrounded his palace, clamoring and offering bribes to the courtiers to obtain for them this sacred privilege; for they believed that the child of such a mother received special spiritual benefits for this sacrifice.

Dr. O'Mally, the Irish surgeon for old King Thebaw, was on hand at each ceremony to administer restoratives to the women after their ordeal; for most of them fainted or were so overcome with emotion that they needed the services of a physician.

When the British took Burma, King Thebaw was deposed and sent to an island in the Bay of Bengal, and the Sacred White Elephant was put in the Rangoon Zoo, where he may be seen to-day plaintively holding out his trunk for a ripe banana. Of him it may be truly said, "How have the mighty fallen!"

Conchita

By FLORENCE RYERSON

Illustrations by Troy Kinney

YOUNG J. J. hailed from New York. And the fact that his machine broke down in the center of a muddy California road instead of the paved streets of Hoboken or Jersey City was proof positive that fate was behind it all. In the first place, he was John Joshua Simpson, Junior, and his name was indissolubly linked with that famous commodity, 'Simpson's Steamed Sausage. Succulent! Soul-Satisfying!'"

His father, old Joshua, had started with one sausage machine and a pig, and from that rudimentary beginning had built up the Simpson Sausage Factory, a thing of gigantic proportions and still more gigantic profits. A large part of the Simpson fortune had been expended in removing the fatal sausage taint from old Simpson's son and heir, John Joshua, Junior. J. J. had spent four years on the Harvard Gold Coast, and had accumulated a sufficient amount of snobbishness to render him, at twenty-two, the pride of his father's heart. If old Joshua was sometimes hurt by his son's aversion to the Simpson Sausage in all its stages of construction, he salved the wound with the knowledge that down in the depths of his nature, below the substrate of Harvardism, J. J. was a chip of the old block.

After his four years at Cambridge, J. J. was sent on a world-wide trip; and, California being among the places considered necessary to be visited by all educated persons, his itinerary wound up with a month's tour of the Golden State.

Therefore, behold him, fair of hair and blue of eye, changing the front tire of his machine in a rose-bordered roadway, and whistling a cheerful accompaniment of the latest Broadway success, while upon the other side of the hedge, in the Casa de Mille Flores, Conchita swayed dreamily to the strains of a guitar.

NOW, the Casa de Mille Flores is a deliberate anachronism. Somehow, in the forward rush of time, this house and garden have remained stationary; and hidden behind the hedge is a bit of old Spain, a fragment of the past so rare and exquisite that the few patrons who know it guard it jealously, and watch the occasional stranger with a suspicious eye.

The Casa de Mille Flores is not an inn. It is a private dwelling, where Donna Josepha, the last of her kind, dispenses hospitality for a small but necessary consideration, and where Conchita once whirled between the small white tables in the patio, or sat, breathlessly inquiver, in her corner behind the oleander.

Conchita did not dance for the sake of the diners at the little tables. She danced because, just so, for countless generations her forebears had danced in the arched patios of Andalusia; and when Miguel, the troubadour of the Casa, struck a minor chord from his guitar, and began in his throaty tenor,

E bailaremos un fandango,
E bailaremos un fandango,
Oh Mia Linda!

Conchita must needs glide to her place and dance as naturally as a lily sways upon its stem. A lily? No, Conchita could not be likened to a lily. She was a crimson tulip, or a flaming eucalyptus. She was a slender scarlet poppy dancing in the breeze. For Conchita was a thing of flame and shadow, with crimson lips and blue-black hair and a hint of gold in the tint of her skin; and her eyes were twin pools of shadow, veiled by the sweep of her lashes.

Conchita was a child of Spain, with only the thin veneer of her mother's discipline to cover the pure flame of her spirit; and she lived and danced, coquetting a little with Miguel through sheer force of hereditary, and looking over the heads of the diners with eyes that were dreamily wise. Conchita did not mingle with her mother's guests. They were things apart from her life, incidents in the routine of her dream days, and she regarded them all with eyes that saw nothing—until the arrival of Joshua, Junior.

His coming was anything but romantic. There had been a rain-storm, and by the time his tire was in order J. J. was mud to his elbows. He turned into the nearest house to search for a garden faucet, and the nearest house was the Casa de Mille Flores. Across the green of the garden J. J. beheld the twinkling of tiny brass lampara, the gleam of white tables, and to his ears came the melancholy strains of Miguel's guitar.

Being from New York, he was constitutionally in search of novelty. He walked slowly up the path, looked vainly about for a head waiter, and then sat down at one of the little tables.

From her corner behind the oleander, Conchita watched him as he bent his blond head above his plate, and quite simply, just as one of her Andalusian ancestors might have done, she gave her fiery little heart into his keeping.

Miguel sang a song full of plaintive "Ais, ais's," and then changed into the merry "Love Song of the Matadores"; and Conchita sprang into the center of the patio, a whirling, stamping mass of crimson and gold.

It was a Carmenesque little dance she performed, a dance with a dagger and a rose. The habitués of the Casa began to be thrilled with a sort of electric shock; for Conchita was dancing for J. J., and he, in his turn, was gazing at her wide-eyed over his soup.

Conchita finished with a final flourish, and as she turned toward her corner J. J. committed a faux pas. He clapped his hands long and enthusiastically.

Now, the complicated etiquette of the Casa does not admit of clapping. One may raise one's glass and cry "Bravo! Bravo!" in subdued and gracious tones; one may even throw a flower from the cluster that ornaments the center of each table; but clapping is vulgar, and altogether to be frowned upon.

J. J. did not know this. He clapped with the whole-hearted enthusiasm of youth. And Conchita, instead of shrugging her shoulders and suppressing a scornful "barbarian" between her white teeth, or staring coolly at the stranger with half-closed eyelids—Conchita turned, with a little whirling curtsy, and threw him the rose from her hair. With a unanimous gasp, the patrons saw him raise the rose and put it in his buttonhole.

In her room that night, Conchita discussed the matter with her mother. That is, Donna Josepha did the talking with voluble proficiency, while Conchita stared dreamily out into the moonlit garden. Only once did she contribute to the conversation. Into the midst of her mother's disapproval she quoted dreamily from one of Miguel's songs:

"'His hair is of spun gold, and his eyes hold the blue of the sky'"—which had nothing to do with the subject in hand.

Donna Josepha retired into the hall, slamming the door, with the expressed hope that her daughter would regain her senses by morning.

Her hope was not realized. All day Conchita was nervous and distraught, and after she had arranged the tables for supper the patrons found the tiny brass salt dishes filled with sugar.

WHEN a red machine drew up before the hedge she breathed a sigh of relief and turned her back upon the tables, being very busily occupied in twisting a wreath of yellow jasmine for her hair.

From afar Donna Josepha watched the scene helplessly. She could not eject the Señor without reason, and, after all, Conchita was ignoring his presence with praiseworthy intentness. How was the Donna to know that Conchita, the guile of her ancestors rising within her, was making play with her lashes and giving the attentive J. J. to understand that she saw him out of the corner of her eye, even if she appeared to be busy twisting the wiry stems of jasmine?

J. J. grinned to himself and took it all as a great adventure. Later you may blame him, if you like; but thus far he was innocent of any wrong-doing. It scarcely seemed real to him, that he, J. J., of upper Fifth Avenue, should be sitting in a Spanish patio, watching this flaming orchid of a girl weave a wreath of flowers with which to delight him.

Later Conchita danced, and J. J. did not again make the mistake of clapping. Instead he threw her a crimson rose from the mass in the center of his table; and Conchita trampled without compunction

"She was a slender scarlet poppy dancing in the breeze."

over the flowers of the other patrons to pick up the rose and set it in her hair, where it glowed against the black curls like a gigantic ruby.

Later she disappeared from her accustomed place, and J. J., leaving somewhat sulkily, discovered her lingering in the garden. From sheer force of habit, he made love to her; and Conchita smiled and sparkled and gave him the full play of her eyes with such perfect effect that he did not dream it was her first real love affair. How could he know that Conchita had been guarded as carefully from men of his kind as the roses about them were covered from the frost? It was the Donna who discovered them standing, hand in hand, looking through the break in the hedge to where the mountains rose, lilac and silver, in the moonlight.

That night Donna Josepha did not argue with her daughter. Instead she locked her in her room. The next day she held conference with the family priest, who volunteered to talk with Conchita.

His interview was lengthy, but disappointing. Conchita said nothing—and said it most expressively. The good father left her presence with the feeling that he had been trying to see into the depths of a very deep pool.

That night, when J. J. came to the Casa, there was no Conchita in evidence. He was leaving, disappointed and somewhat sulky, when a rose fell at his feet. Conchita was again living up to her ancestors. She stood in the embrasure of a vine-bordered window, her figure outlined against the dull gold of the light behind.

J. J. picked up the rose and put it to his lips, not because of any particular sentiment, but because, under the circumstances, it seemed the proper thing to do.

Around its stem he found a twisted bit of paper. He held it up, and the window above closed noiselessly. Evidently Conchita had been waiting to make sure that he found it.

J. J. walked slowly to his car, and read the note by the aid of its headlights. It was a sad little note. It told him that Conchita was a prisoner on his account; that he must come no more to the Casa for dinner, or she would be locked in her room forever, presumably to grow gray and decrepit in its depths. If he wished to see her, he must come to the syringa bush at the foot of the garden at midnight.

RIGHT here, if you like, J. J.'s wrong-doing began. He detected in the letter a note that was deeper than coquetry, and by some instinctive divination he knew that the heart of the little dancer lay in his hand, while his own was quite untouched. He did not take counsel with his conscience and ride away from the Casa forever, leaving Conchita to get over her little romance before it was too late. Instead, he drove rapidly down the road and turned his car into the garage, with orders that he would want it again the next evening; and at twelve o'clock he was prepared to greet Conchita by the white syringa bush.

Conchita came on the moment. There she showed the wisdom of her silence. If she had protested to her mother and the priest that the young American was nothing to her, her actions would have disproved it; while if she had openly rebelled she would have been safely locked in her room for the ensuing month. By dint of looking devoutly uninterested through all their arguments, she had so baffled their simple wits that they were ready to believe anything. So, when the evening passed and no J. J. appeared to ruffle the smooth-flowing current of life at the Casa, Conchita was once more allowed her freedom. When the clock struck twelve she crept through the hall of the sleeping house and across the silent patio, to keep her tryst with J. J.

It was an innocent enough affair—a sort of spring idyl, with a few moments of youthful ardor, a stolen kiss or so, and the planting of a rose bush at the bottom of the garden to symbolize their enduring love. Only by a sort of super-consciousness could J. J. discover that he was acting the part of a cad; and for a time even that was dulled. In the romantic half-light and fragrance of the spring garden anything seemed possible, and he deceived himself into thinking that he really cared—or was it later that he drugged his soul into thinking that he did not?

For of course it ended, as all dreams

Continued on page 13

Kings and Queens Who Are Out of Business

"WE must continue our unshakable attachment to constitutional liberty and the love of independence, and thus hold sacred our patrimony while advancing toward the peaceful conquests in the fields of labor and science," were Albert's words on ascending the Belgian throne in 1909. Though his training has been chiefly military, his great hobby has always been science. He made an exhaustive trip through the United States several years ago, and is the only European monarch who has come in personal contact with American industries. In 1912, in order to get his bill through, increasing the army, the young king had to disclose to the members of the Chambers personal letters showing that in the event of war Germany was resolved to violate Belgium's neutrality.

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QUEEN AMELIE of Portugal was the only figure that commanded much sympathy at the time of the overthrow of the Portuguese royalty. When her husband and her son were assassinated in the streets of Lisbon in 1908, she threw herself between her husband and one of their assailants, beating him back with a bouquet of roses. She was born in England, a daughter of the Countess of Paris, and sister of the Duc d'Orléans. She greatly shocked her Bourbon relatives by actually dining with the President of France. Her influence over the young King Manuel and her pro-clerical attitude made her very unpopular with the Portuguese, and hurried on the revolution of 1910, which ended her power for once and all. Since then she has lived at Woods Norton in England. She was called the best dressed woman in Paris. She is a painter, and also a splendid horsewoman. Since the war began she has taken a prominent part in the nursing at the front.

IN 1891 Liliuokalani was proclaimed Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, and for three years she ruled those turbulent regions, where it is still not uncommon for a man, in order to annoy his wife, to break their child's back. Her reign was chiefly a quarrel with the "missionary party," and at last she was defeated, and thrown into the old Iolani prison, where she composed the famous Hawaiian song, "Aloha Oe." Soon after the new government was established, another revolution bubbled up, and it was suspected that Liliuokalani was at the bottom of it. She was sentenced to five years of hard labor and 5,000 fine, but was never compelled to enact the sentence. For many years she lived on the island of Oahu. She has a house on Washington Place, New York, where she is serenaded by the Hawaiians of New York on Hawaiian anniversaries and holidays. Although she represented the last of the ruled royal house, she herself was greatly loved, and is still treated with reverence.

HERE King Manuel of Portugal is strolling through Richmond Park with his former tutor. Since his deposition in 1910 Manuel has lived with the Queen-Mother at Woods Norton, Evesham, England, as the guest of the Duc d'Orléans. He was only nineteen years old at the time of the assassination of his father and brother in 1908, and at first there seemed a possibility that his youth and general popularity would keep him over hostilities; but he soon showed the holed pro-clericalism. In 1910 there was a sudden violent uprising in Lisbon, and the King and the Dowager Queen fled from the palace. His wife is the English princess, Augustina Victoria; but there are rumors that their domestic life is not ideal.

MOHAMMED ALI MIRZA, the deposed Shah of Persia, called the Peacock Throne, has spent most of his time since the revolution of 1909, two years after his coming to the throne, in wandering around the bathing-places of Europe and trying to interest American millionaires in his Persian ventures. He was the first Shah to rule under a constitution, but he was continually quarreling with the Parliament, until he was deposed. In 1912 he gathered two hundred desperadoes, and several vessels fully equipped for plunder, and was reported to have captured an adoring, and was reported to have captured an impregnable fortress on the Caspian Sea, where he was holding a Persian nobleman for $500,000 ransom. Personally, the ex-Shah is an attractive, though he is remarkably shrewd. He used to sit at the dinner-table from three o'clock till midnight, soaking his feet in tubs of water on account of his dropsy.

HUAN TUNG, the deposed Emperor of China, is only nine years old. He is well taken care of by the Republic that removed him. The Honorable Ch'en Pao Ch'en, his tutor, reports that he is making excellent progress in his studies, as he is now through with the two classics, the Book of Odes and the Book of History, and is beginning the study of the Book of Rites and the Spring and Autumn Annals. Also he shows remarkable ability as a Chinese calligraphist, and can write characters four inches square. His chief companion is the son of Prince Pu Lun, who goes to the palace every morning to study with him. Prince Pu Lun is the Emperor's guardian, and is the go-between for him and the Republic. He is a modernist, and has even ordered some jungle-zoo moving pictures for his Imperial Majesty's education and entertainment.

Actresses Who

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"I AM not as expert in housekeeping as I shall be sometime when I am not tired out by a long season, and can go after it just as I would go after a part—think of nothing else, do nothing else," said twenty-one-year-old Ruth Chatterton, who lives in a quaint three-story house on East Fifty-second Street, New York. "But there are two things that I can do well: I can build a fire better than any one else in the family, and I can dust books better than any one else under my roof can or does.

"Books should be kept as free from dust as our lungs are. Once a week I dust my books, sitting in the middle of the library floor with the books heaped about me. I use a soft piece of muslin, frequently replaced, and sprinkled with a few drops of ammonia. My progress is thorough, though slow—it is such a temptation to stop to read."

FRANCES STARR keeps house with two older sisters. "I do the buying," she says. "I like that. What girl doesn't like spending money?

"My rule is never to buy cheap, shoddy material. I like good linens as some girls like jewels, and I am buying linens now that I expect to have in my linen chests when I am a white-haired woman of sixty. They are so strong that they may long outlast their purchaser.

"There is one prerogative that I retain against all dispute. I am a good bed-maker, and on matinée days or stormy days I do the family bed-making, even to that of the maids. The exercise keeps my muscles supple."

"I SHALL be glad ... myself entirely ... "This" is her pretty ... Ninety-third Street. ... Her favorite room ... room, done in gray ... dragon sprawling ... with rare blue porcelains in dim corners. ... she admired once ... around the world.

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"THE loss of a servant never throws me into a panic," declares Pauline Frederick. "My life is one long declaration of independence of servants." She attributes this blessed state in the fact that her New England mother trained her in every kind of housework.

"If a laundress becomes disgruntled, her departure causes me no discomfort. I can wash my clothes quite as well as she can—I think a little better, and I prefer to iron my own fine pieces."

HENRIETTA CROSMAN grew up as an army girl, out on the Western plains, where servants are hard to get and there are never enough to go around. She learned early to do emergency housekeeping—to cook for any number of unexpected guests, to pull up stakes at a moment's notice, and to make the roughest kind of quarters habitable. "I keep house with my windows open," she says. One summer, to get all the fresh air she wanted, she lived in a hut on top of the Sierras. She declares that she never quarrels with her cook, and that they interchange ideas on a footing of equality.

o Keep House

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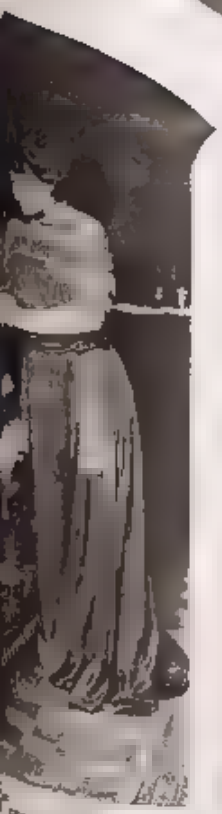
"I EMBROIDER," says Marguerite Clarke. "I did the sofa cushions and the monograms on the table-cloth, and the pansies on the doilies, and all the hemstitching and monograms on the bed-linen." After this formidable list, one is not surprised to learn that the rest of the housekeeping is done by Miss Clarke's big sister, Cora, who brought her up. "Except the salad dressings," declares the young star. "I do those better than she does. My salad dressings are famous."



e stop acting and give said Margaret Anglin. ch-looking house on East

curious Chinese dining- floor and blocks, with a black rug on the floor, and sideboard and mantel and a replica of an interior her way playing her way

Copyright, [illegible]

"THERE are two things upon which I insist in my housekeeping," says Lillian Russell. "I must have order, and I must have regularity. A chair out of place, a wrap thrown over a piano, a vase out of line on the mantel, acutely distress me. Therefore one of the primary rules of my household is that everything must be in its place. What might seem artistic disorder to some people is to me ugliness and shiftlessness. A house should be run on as careful a system as a well managed railroad. I believe in housekeeping by schedule."

Miss Russell is known as the most amiable woman on the stage. When her cares irk her, she retires into what she has named her Room of Silence. Nominally it is her library. Really it is a small but wondrous museum of rare Chinese porcelains, worth something like $100,000. No hands but hers may touch these treasures. She washes and wipes them herself.

CRYSTAL HERNE is more interested in decorative color schemes than in cooking. She has a dull gold drawing-room and a blue bed-chamber in her New York apartment. But the room she really longs to create will have black rugs and curtains, with a dash of scarlet in the darkest corner. She abhors music, and her principal motto is, "Watch your ser-vice."

VIOLA DANA, who created the title rôle of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," thinks a basic accomplishment of housekeeping is to wait gracefully upon the table. At breakfast she insists upon pouring tea for her mother.

She lives in a farthermost point of the Bronx, New York, in a neat house with a green lawn and a fine stretch of sky, and she thinks the "Poor Little Rich Girl" wouldn't have had half so much trouble if her parents had only brought her up to rise and shi

Capturing Waterfalls

Hearing a thunderous booming from his camp near the Athabasca, Washburn investigated, and discovered this mighty cataract. The river, five hundred feet wide, narrows down to sixty at the precipice.

Stanley Washburn, explorer and war correspondent, now with the Russian army for the London Times.

Wilcox Pass, one of nature's highways over the backbone of the Rockies. Although between six and seven thousand feet in altitude, the surrounding peaks give the appearance of a wonder-

WATERPALL hunting isn't exactly a parlor game, and it won't appeal to the people that like to get home every night in time to dress for dinner. But, according to Stanley Washburn,—and he has played it over a course thousands of miles square in western Canada, all the way from Edmonton, Alberta, to the backbone of the Rockies in British Columbia,—it is the great American sport.

Imagine, first, an empire embracing one of the superb mountain ranges of the world, the slopes covered with unbroken forest, the valleys hiding ungrossed-at mineral wealth, the plains almost unknown to the plow. Next, imagine six men winding their way into the heart of this wilderness, their shouts to the pack-ponies the only sound breaking the silence of the eternal hills.

Imagine these men, whose combined personal wealth could probably not purchase a business block in a New England village, armed with a couple of cameras and a few engineering instruments, sketching pencil maps of this empire, living in a railroad barn, saying that in that spot will be a power plant, or that sixty thousand horse-power will be harnessed there, and proceeding with a total disregard for the millions of money involved in the carrying out of their plans.

The pack-ponies fight through the foaming rocks of the rapids, neighing excitedly.

Horses seem to get pleasure out only in eating but in seeing the wild flowers.

What Came of a Day Spent in Dreaming

THIS new style of hunting came of a sort of dream young Washburn had. He was on a camping trip in the Alberta Rockies, and one eventful day he pitched camp on the banks of the Athabasca. The wind, following the valley carried a sound deeper than the soughing of the pine boughs, and Washburn started out to investigate. The sound grew into a thunderous booming. The wide river began to narrow. Suddenly it swung around a bend, and pitched with magnificent abandon into a roaring, pitiless gorge.

A shelf of rock reaches out, almost touching the face of the waters in their fall. On this rock Washburn spent the day, dreaming. When evening came he hewed out some pine posts and staked a claim around the falls.

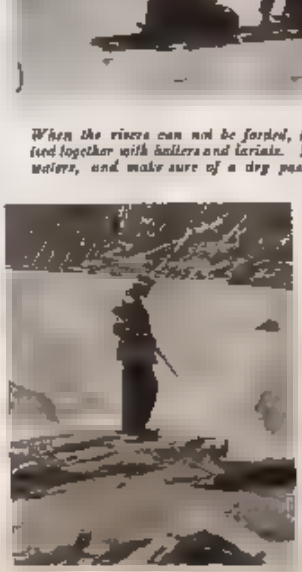
When he returned to civilization, he journeyed to the offices of lower New York. He brought with him his dream. His task was to interest practical men in what his imagination had pictured on the banks of the Athabasca. And he fired the imagination of those practical, hard-headed hearers. While he could offer no six per cent. returns on an investment for that year, or for many years to come, he could offer the possibility of a gigantic, immeasurable conquest for the future. Said his listeners

"If you can prove the existence of enough potential water-power sites in the wilderness to make it pay for transporting the power, we might afford to play the long game."

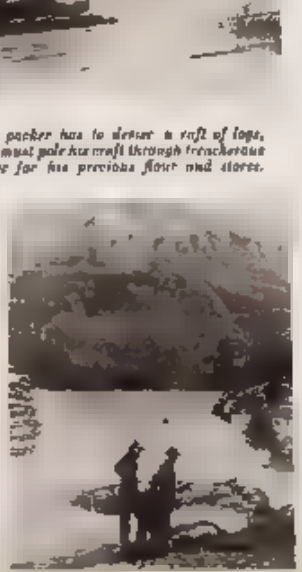
"I'll hunt them out," said Washburn.

On this basis they financed the hunting expedition.

When the rivers can not be forded, the packer has to devise a raft of logs, tied together with halters and lariats. He must pole his craft through treacherous waters, and make sure of a dry passage for his precious flour and stores.



The existence of the San Wapiti Falls was postulated from the configuration of the country; and the pursuit did not stop until the "game" was captured.



Indians Tell Tales of Mighty Falls

THERE were Indian tales of mighty falls in the upper waters of the mountain rivers. The plan was to follow back from the lower waters, pursuing the streams through the drainage areas. It was a contest as alluring as the pursuit of gold, for there was no knowing at what hour the ear might catch the distant booming, or whether disappointment might follow disappointment.

It was man's work swimming the horses across the turbulent streams, rafting over the precious supplies, fording unknowable rapids, dragging the ponies along precipices.

Every day was a fight and a struggle. The first reward was on the Brazeau. One evening there came the faint sound of distant pounding. It was too late to push on that night, but before daybreak they were off, on foot. When the valley opened up to their eyes, it looked as if nature had conspired to create a perfect basin for a reservoir an ideal site for man to harness a mighty power that had been awaiting his coming for thousands of years.

Altogether the Brazeau, the San Wapiti (with its two falls), and the Athabasca were explored, the drainage areas calculated, and the estimates of horse-power made, and hunting was over. The hunter's dream could then be turned over to the dreamers in finance.—*L. S. Kirtland.*

We amused ourselves by rolling logs as big as telegraph-poles over these falls, to see if they ever came up again. They never did.

Here is the rest of Mrs. Ryerson's story

Conchita

Continued from page 8

mas and sometimes. Old Joshua received a hint of danger in J. J.'s somewhat lugubrious letters, and old Joshua was not the one to stand calmly by and watch his son form a mésalliance. The name of Simpson, famous from constant repetition upon cans of sausage, must not be lowered within with the mere mess descendant of grandees. He sent an ultimatum to the form of a telegram and J. J. was recalled.

J. J. broke the news to Conchita with a sort of selfish relief in the bottom of his heart. He had a vaguely guilty feeling that the whole affair meant more to it than it did to him, and he soothed her fears with a dominate tenderness. It was upon that last night they planted the rosebush, and Conchita, tearfully passionate, almost ate one poor little blossom and gave it to J. J. to wear next his heart.

J. J. walked slowly down the road to his machine, looking back now and then to wave to the little figure that stood beneath the blossoming crown of syringa.

LATER, in the din and bustle of New York a stray breath of fragrance would come to him, and the scene would rise before his eyes like a picture flashed upon a screen. But New York is a busy place, and the whole episode had been

It Rapidly it became a more an pathos and romance about it, but still a memory with no relation to real life, or his growing circle of friends.

For J. J was brunet to society not by means of his father's money, but in charm of his smile. With ng

enchanted with So wo and somewhat spoiled and no bought of returning to the Casa Flores, and Conchita, watching

chita, with the passionate heart she had inherited from her race, wilted like a rose in the sun, and Donna Josepha watched her, anxious and helpless.

IT was when J noon-tide, and the it to rose high y sent forth a mist of green leaves,

who could hold up of musical curiosity suc- any of his contemporaries ew reviews in Jo

and highly licensed weight of care from the brow of the good business man. Naturally was constant y on the lookout for that jewel beyond price, some thing new

conversation with chita ll-school, these al Donna the idea of a Lopez upon to invisible. The pictured the figure of her daughthe more valuable and attractive because her match. Grant was baffled out ruthless, and took up his hat to depart as a final resort, and shrug of his shoulders

the manager. Long acquaintance with her mother's conversational methods left her no doubt as to its outcome. In

appeal into the garden to think wards that had settled the matter. He had said, "New York."

Conchita's aunt New York meant and she was going to him as simply

she would be glad to dance any of her dances he wished. Should she bring her costumes at once as she was?

GRANT was not the usual villain-manager of fiction. He was a remarkably The helplessness of Conchi a both amused flower to its end and sterile soil of New York. At the same time, she was undoubtedly a good business venture. He was silent a minute, considering, and Conchita unconsciously clinched the matter by adding

on a friend in ew York. Señor— that I would

Grant breathed a sigh of relief. Of course, if she had friends it was another matter. It shifted the responsibility from his shoulders. After all, the child had a future before her and it wo me color her unposed interfere. So he told her to meet him the next day, and gave her the name of his hotel, then clung figure stole

the long road toward the lighted sky that hung over Los Angeles.

The next day Grant, with the mingled feelings of guardian and keeper, turned Conchita over to

as was on her way East the watchful eye of her

J. J. a little better pathetic with gladness, and drops cried in to his residence. But J. J. did not remove to her that or th for he was in a yacht around the Bermudas, before he would return. the fol eye of old Joshua had found and

J. J. was step in ork's most sought after débutantes, and it would never do to distract his dats cruelal moments ent went into the wastebask and lint had slowly grown in th heart of Con became a certainty. her lover. her betrothed. was dead!

Re ecting Re

intervals were going on mos He was vaguely

But something was wrong with and he wrestled with her long and prayerless

do not know, padian," and trudged back to ntertainment to go wearily through

would try her the new music and mooney might make a difference and if it did not cake, he would sh p her a bad investment. His friend was an old friend of her worries to spend much time with Conchita.

Conchita was in her room in the crimson-and-gold dress and waited for her

In her mind, she was dropping red stage-box, with his mother, his father, and a girl.

The girl was the débutante and J. J. had almost asked her to become Mrs. Simpson almost, but quite, for something, rising from the

from this final unfaithfulness to the little dream figure in crimson and gold.

The girl herself was perfectly willing to share the Simpson fortune, and waited

effaced memory and ineligible, that kept her from g herself to J. J. she had been reared in a circle that did not question the gods bearing gifts of nd she felt that she could be quite happy with J. J. and his

dividing his attention equally between the stage and the girl when the curtain went up for t third act.

THE scene that disc fam liar to J. J. as the palm of his hand. About a vine-trellised patio were grouped little white-covered tables crowned with gold and red poppies, that glimmered in the light of the brass *campana*. The rousie died down to an accompaniment of stringed instruments, the strumming of

"The chorus stood aghast; the stage manager, blasphemous and helpless, dashed in and out.

guitars, and Conchita entered the scene. In a dream, she danced her mancilla with the invisible audience through the of pure joy and loaned forward as one sum. As she whirled from the stage it clapped enthusiastically and she turned

It was then that she saw J. J. leaning forward a his chair so that the full fuse, upon the two white gloves that he unconsciously dangled in his hands upon the girl who sat beside him with And to Conchita the

She sprang upon the stage and whirled through a maze of dance with a dagger and a rose that left the audience breathless, but he could not fool Mrs

In the bottom of his soul he was conscious of the fact that he would be disappointed in J. J if he obeyed and with the consciousness came the knowledge that Mrs. Joshua had known it all the time. After that there was nothing for him to do but give in as gracefully as he could and spoil Conchita as all the rest of the

In the end, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. started on their wedding tour to California, duly heralded by the press

sprang upon the stage, seized Conchita in his arms, and carried her back of the

The drums stood aghast, the stage manager, blasphemous and helpless dashed in and out of the prompter's box and over all rose the roar of the audience, begging favorite to come back and do it

After that, to all events and purposes he main drama left the stage. Somebody rang down the curtain and before the audience could guess that anything was wrong he tiny pool of red in the down stage left was wiped up, the demoralized chorus was marshaled into place, and the curtain rose again to the strains of "My Alabama Homesweet."

Come what may, the tired business must be attended. Only, the left stage-box was vacant, and behind the scenes a doctor battling for Conchita's life and fighting off J. J. who alternately pleaded, threatened, and bribed the door

As a matter of fact, the wound was so serious as it seemed at first

suffice and on his knees beside the bed, with a gulping sob, to bury his face in her cloud of black hair. After all, his was the best thing he could have done, under

Old Joshua, outside the dressing-room door raged up and down, or pressed his ear to the key-hole, although there was nothing to be heard in the end, it was Mrs. Joshua who settled the whole matter. She had not appeared before, for the reason that she never *did* appear on such crucial moments. From the dreadful day when Joshua's sausage machine had crushed down and she had mended it with a hairpin and a button-hook, straight down through the ensuing thirty years of married life, she had stayed in the background until such moments as these, when she stepped quietly into the breach and took command. Without looking at Joshua, she opened the closed door, stepped into the room, and curtsied to J. J. on his knees beside the bed with calm

"It's about time some brought him there," was her inward comment as she turned to the doctor

"We've come to take her home," she said. "Shall I call an ambulance, or can she come in the

The doctor breathed a sigh of relief

"I think we can move her now," he said, and Mrs. Joshua was departing in search of suitable wraps when she ran into her husband, perspiring and wrathful.

"Pa," she said calmly. "Conchita is ready to go home with us now. Go and get a rug from the car— n' don forget to bring a cushion" she added, as he disappeared distinctly through the stage door

Joshua knew when it was his time to

No doubt you recognize the plot of the piece. This is right in the jungle. For complete stage directions, see Kipling."

Beal Pulls a Blinger

By SEWELL FORD

Illustrations by J. Dana Keen

ALONG at first, too, I'll admit I [illegible] such a lid for class [illegible] Course. Course I hardly [illegible] a show to get my right slant [illegible] him, with him livin' down on the Neck [illegible] doin' much of a hiker. The Hen's didn't belong to the Yacht Club, never [illegible] lights or gave any bo kept [illegible] and.

Some said it was because Mrs. Ben [illegible] wa'n't very well. There was a couple of girls in the family, height lively-lookin' kids, that [illegible] but I guess [illegible]

[illegible] Why Beal must have been [illegible] down on the eight-cored with me for [illegible] two years, and he'd never set much [illegible] by. So I was some jarred, here a month or so back, to have him give me the ball as we was pilin' out at Grand Central.

Professor McCabe [illegible] says he, [illegible] and guess," says I.

[illegible] says I, a little crisp, maybe.

"Oh, very well," says he. "Suits me. It has been. I guess that's what I need.

[illegible] says he. "Too [illegible] says I.

"Oh, I haven't had the gloves on," says he. "For [illegible] Way [illegible] must have been twenty or twenty-five years."

"Huh!" says I, lookin' a mite critical, [illegible] buggy, chunky-necked gents. Mr. Ben, [illegible] signs of ough dum pressure and a bit puffy under the eyes.

"Gettin' along towards fifty, ain't I, I guess so."

[illegible] no vest," says I.

[illegible] says he.

[illegible] listens. You know the pound of loose [illegible] connectin' rods a youngster? That was [illegible] I shakes my head.

"No outt exercise for you," says I. "Not here, anyway?"

"Something wrong?" says he.

"Blood pump carryin' too heavy a load, just a pill," says I. "How have you been takin' your exercise these last few [illegible]

"Sitting at a desk from four to twelve hours a day."

II

[illegible] He sure was gone about it. Seems he'd been quite a husky boy once,—rowed on the freshman crew and all that,—but he [illegible] says I.

[illegible] "Oh, very well," says he. "Suits me. It has been. I guess that's what I need. [illegible] says he. "Too [illegible] says I.

"Oh, I haven't had the gloves on," says he. "For [illegible] Way [illegible] must have been twenty or twenty-five years."

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II

[illegible] He sure was gone about it. Seems he'd been quite a husky boy once,—rowed on the freshman crew and all that,—but he [illegible] says I.

[illegible] "As a minority stockholder," says he, "you haven't much show. But I might [illegible] says he swellin' out a lit [illegible] "In that [illegible] find a way of—yes, I think I can. [illegible] "G'wan!" says I. "Wouldn't that [illegible] throwin' good money after bad? You know I can't afford to split [illegible] against him comes out hear [illegible]

"So I've understood," says he. "But at least we might furnish him with [illegible]

[illegible] that I hear about the affair for quite some time. In fact, almost forgotten our little talk and [illegible] here the other afternoon just as [illegible] about shuttin' the studio [illegible] a day, up rolls a [illegible] and as I m springin' he hail look [illegible] appears [illegible] pompom party with [illegible] face and the gray sequencarls.

[illegible] "These stand off [illegible] now I see Professor [illegible]

"If you look straight ahead, you [illegible]

"I am president of Colonial Trust [illegible] says he swellin' out a lit [illegible] "In that [illegible]

...ourse, Gurney, a little friendly advice."

...ouglers would go out of business. No, sir! If I've started any sort I'm goin'

...o Pyramid Life about nine-thirty ...morrow mornin'," says I.

...And if it happens that he is your ...

...right," says I, "call it scratched."

...Why, I'd put on gallery while ...lusty, cocksure party he was! ...But if I was ...I'd sort of break it to ...

...we're bein' unloaded at the ...odère of Beal's near-Moorish ...The maid that answers the ring ...is over doubtful, but Griggs ...his card at her commandin ...important business," says he ...

...is with me."

...little Sphinx ...knew ...beau too gigolo ...instead of discoverin' a quiet domestic ...from either side of his collar, and with a stature ...twisted tail pinned on the back ...

...down and roar!"

...sertin' the curtain rods skilful between ...

...As an outsider, Mr. Griggs, I might throw ...petitioner being one Theresa Ryan ...

"Tenzie—again!" gasps Griggs. "But ...

says Beal, "but naturally she is unsatis- ...

...moment, while I prepare a memorandum ...

"Griggs is too big a mark to miss. 'Biff!' he gets one full in the face, dislodgin' his glasses."

AND inside of ten minutes Mr. T. Olney Griggs has signed and is being helped into the tin lizzie, with a somewhat damaged silk hat jammed desperately down over his fevered brow. He had got his'n, good and proper.

"Say, Mr. Beal," says I, as we stands ...

...Newcomers, Mowgli. What manner of ...

...be a panther, a ...

...Griggs is too big a mark to miss. 'Biff!' he gets one full in the face, dislodgin' his glasses. 'Swat!' I wings him ...seat cushions, fired marquise and gloves! And Griggs is too big a mark to ...

...he hardly appreciated the joys of a jungle bear."

"He ought to next time," says I. "You've qualified him for the moshi ...anyway."

The Girl of the Nutmeg Isle

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustration by Harvey T. Dunn

YOUNG Paul Corbet, twenty-two, a clerk in his father's Liverpool factory, has a chance to go on board the *Empress of Singapore*, which is just starting for the far East. He hears that Vincent Gore, the famous explorer, is on board, bound for [illegible] way. Gore, amused by the boy [illegible] philosophically. It ends by making young Corbet his secretary, and the two become friends. The ship anchors at [illegible] nutmeg island [illegible] for a stroll. In among the nutmeg trees he has a strange encounter [illegible] beautiful white girl who apparently lives on the island. When [illegible] ship, he learns that three women from Banda [illegible] for the remainder of the voyage. In the meantime, he quarrels with a [illegible] German officer on board, and they challenge each other to a duel.

I FOUND her on the after-deck. She was reading, and did not hear my approach, so I was able to get a good look at her before she saw me. I would not have thought her to be so old as Gore had said, but she was certainly [illegible] far from forty, and she could never, at any age, have been pretty. She was smallish and her figure— Was there, or was there not, anything wrong with it? I thought not, at a second glance. Her [illegible] exposure with [illegible] gloves, were what the palmists call "spatulate."

She looked up as I came nearer. I saw then that she had a— was it a squint? No [illegible] was not. Her smile was [illegible] On [illegible]

She [illegible]

"[illegible] you are Mr. Corbet. I saw your [illegible] the purser's list. It's so nice to have a couple of Englishmen on board among all these foreigners. And then, such a celebrity as Mr. Vincent Gore."

H[illegible] be something squashy with [illegible] and jobs about it. By force of contrast, it brought to my mind something very different—the green floating robe, fresh and soft as a leaf, worn by the dryad of the mountain woods. I pulled myself together and took a seat near the lady from Banda. After all, she had come from the island inhabited by the dryad [illegible]

The [illegible] over the [illegible] yes now [illegible] very keen [illegible] they seemed [illegible] miserable neuteness. There was a [illegible] tarity in her address [illegible] dreaming [illegible] the lady [illegible] hundred a year [illegible] amused smile, as I have noticed women do who are uncertain of their charms, and said gently that I knew all about those matters, no doubt, but she was just a stupid little thing who had to ask everything she wanted to know. It seemed to me that the remark was rather a clever [illegible] knew then, and know now, that I have not a tenth part of his brains, but for mere [illegible]

"You don't know my name," she said. "[illegible] Miss Siddis, Mabel Siddis. You've never heard of me—no one ever has. I'm nobody. I'm just a little governess going back to my work in Herbertshöhe. They [illegible] and I saw the [illegible] or Singapore, so I came down as far as Banda, because I have kind English friends there [illegible] and years ago. And [illegible]

[illegible]

I ga[illegible] why the original [illegible] had come to Banda and settled there, why his wife had married him, how he [illegible] had followed him. There was [illegible] wife. I remembered [illegible] the Sch[illegible] undistinguished German women [illegible] Miss Siddis, letting my imagination [illegible] to the mysterious land of New [illegible]

Then I woke to attention with a [illegible] What was Miss Siddis saying?

"As for mourning, of course no one [illegible]

the tropics is expected to wear black. But I did say, and do say, that white, with a black sash, is only common respect. And when I saw her going about everywhere in green, just as usual—"

"Saw who?" I asked, with sudden sharp interest.

"Isola, of course—Mrs. Ravenna's daughter—as I've been telling you," said Miss Siddis.

"Isola! What a curious name!"

"It was her father. He called her 'Isola Bella' because he said Banda was an *isola bella*—that's Italian, you know, for 'beautiful island'; and she was born there. So he called her that. A very fanciful name."

"A beautiful name," I said, determining to know more about it, and about its owner.

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Siddis, with instant pliability. "Fanciful and beautiful—that's what I meant."

"She should be a beautiful girl herself, if she matches her name," I added.

Miss Siddis fingered her novel, and I saw something ugly look out of her small eyes. But her voice was gentler and pleasanter than ever as she answered:

"Now, that's so nice of you! I can see you are one of the people who like to think the very best of every one right away. Yes, poor Isola—yes, I should certainly say she is pretty. Oh, yes; you might call her that."

"Why do you call her poor?" I asked.

"Oh, I've just told you!"

"Yes, of course," I said, cursing my own stupidity.

WHAT had she told me about the girl? Only her parents' death, and something about Frau Schultz, who seemed to be a worry to some one, as far as I could recollect the scraps of Miss Siddis's yarn that had penetrated to my consciousness. It seemed, then, that the oread of the mountain was an orphan, and that Frau Schultz, somehow or other, was an annoyance in her life. I resolved that, employer or no employer, I was not going to make myself pleasant to Frau Schultz.

I was quite prepared to stick by Miss Siddis now, being determined to get out of her all there was to be got about the girl in green. But nature and the Pacific Ocean willed otherwise. We were well out from under the shelter of Ceram now, and in the open sea. The *Afzelia* felt the coming swell of the great ocean, though we were not in it yet, and began to dip and roll—not very much, but it was enough for Miss Siddis.

She gathered up her novel and her work-bag, murmured an apology, and fled.

I remained alone on the boat-deck, sitting astride a boat to watch the blue shadow on the water that was New Guinea,—New Guinea at last!—and thinking about Miss Siddis and the girl in green. I had a notion that the former was more dangerous than she might seem to be. Her curtseying voice and deprecating manner, her skill in flattery, the hidden hardness of will that I sensed beneath all her clinging and purring, might be dangerous to a man like Gore. I knew her kind. It is a pathetic sort of creature, in a way,—the woman who has proved too unattractive to secure an "establishment" in England, and who, in consequence, roams the world's waste places, seeking whom she may devour,—but I was not going to let any pity for Miss Siddis influence me in my duty as the watch-dog of Vincent Gore.

Besides—besides, she was an insinuating little crooked creature. She was curious, as all inferior minds are curious. What was the hidden object of our journey? What might happen if she found it out?

I came to a resolve there and then. I would know the secret myself, before I slept that night. It was time—and more than time—that Gore should take me into his confidence.

LATE in the afternoon we came to New Guinea.

It was not in the least what I had imagined. I had expected huge rivers with painted war-canoes dashing forth from them, immense peaky mountains overhanging the sea, stilt-legged villages with wonderful temples, black marshes full of crocodiles and crabs.

Instead I saw only a group of islands of moderate size and height, cut through by calm dark straits. There were no villages, no houses, no rivers, no canoes; just that smear of dusky, lonely islands lying on a darkening sea. The mainland was not yet in sight. All the land we saw was hidden under a blanket of black forest, that swept from the summits of the hills down to the lip of the water. We heard no sound but the beating of the ship's steel heart, echoed back by the walls of the strait as she ran through. We saw no lights on the black, furry blanket of forest, untouched, unbroken.

If there was any living thing upon those islands, it hid itself well. We listened to the silence of New Guinea, we smelled its mystery. For there was a new smell on the sea air—subtle, cold, the sunset smell of Papua.

GORE came up to me where I was standing in the ship's head, away from passengers and sailors, and sat himself down upon the opposite side of the bulwark, holding on by a stay.

"New Guinea," he said. "Feel her stretching out to you. She's your love. Her lips have blood on them, but you'll kiss her. You'll leave her, and come back to her. We all do. New Guinea calls."

As he spoke, a breath of air crept across the bows, so cold, so penetrating, that it made me shudder in my thin, heat-soaked drill.

"Get your coat," said Gore. "You'll be down with fever if you don't. We're passing the great snow mountains of Dutch Guinea. You couldn't see them in broad daylight, but they can make themselves felt, though they're right in the interior. Get your coat, and we'll talk."

"Shall we?" I asked, pausing with my foot on the deck.

"I promise you," said Gore. "I always meant to when we sighted New Guinea."

I brought his own as well, but he would not take it.

"An old dog for a hard road," he said. "Nothing can kill me. There's the second bell. They'll all have gone in to dinner in a few minutes, and we can talk quietly."

I might have mentioned that it was one of his peculiarities to leave out any meal that happened to interfere with what he might be doing at the moment. I saw myself deprived of dinner for that evening; but the occasion was worth it. Gore lit one of the huge Burmese cheroots which always seemed dinner or lunch enough for him. It glowed in a sharp point of scarlet against the mysterious outlines of New Guinea, the unknown land. The ship slid on in the dark. They had put out the lights on the boat-deck to assist the steersman, and drawn the curtains in the saloon. We could not see ourselves, or the water, or anything of the land but that faint, looming shadow, blackness against the black.

RED BOB said nothing at all for what seemed to me quite a long while. I lit a cigarette to keep him company, and waited as patiently as I could—which was more patiently than usual; for so many things had happened that day that my mind had been beaten into weariness. The first sight of New Guinea; the duel; Red Bob's amazing cowardice concerning Miss Siddis; the news I had managed to pick up about Isola Ravenna—all these things had moved and excited me.

By and by Red Bob spoke, jumping home to the heart of his subject, as was always his way:

"I'm out—and you're out—after the pearls of Willem Corneliszoon Schouten."

"The—what!" I said.

"The pearls," he repeated, "of Willem Corneliszoon Schouten. I should feel more certain I was going to get them if you could avoid the habit of jumping and exclaiming when anything astonishes you."

"I will," I said, swallowing my annoyance.

"You've got to," replied Red Bob. "This is no sort of a picnic for babes; and there are likely to be times when your life and mine—if either of them's worth anything—will hang on your keeping your head. Well, I suppose you remember who Schouten was; you ought to."

We had been working on the population question for a few days, and the observations of all the Dutch navigators had been tabulated by me for Vincent Gore's reference.

"Schouten and Lemaire," I said, "sailed from the Texel in 1615 to look for a passage to the South Seas south of Magellan's Strait. They discovered Cape Horn, and then they went wandering about the Pacific, came up round this way, and got to Batavia, when one of their ships was seized."

"It was," said Gore. "They were trying to evade the law that gave the monopoly of all trading voyages made through the Straits of Magellan, or round the Cape, to the Dutch East India Company. Spilbergen took Schouten and Lemaire home with him, and Lemaire died of vexation before they got to Holland. Schouten didn't; he was made of harder stuff."

There was a pause here. It had grown darker. We could tell by the echoing beat of the screw that we were somewhere near land.

"I was here before—more than once," went on Gore's quiet voice, "tracing the incidence of the different waves of immigration. I spent most of my time about the north and northeast coasts," he went on, "Kaiser Wilhelm Land and the Bismarcks. I went out to places at the end of everywhere—places the Germans didn't know they'd got, and don't know yet. And I ran across something that made me think—not about culture drifts. Something else."

WE were running very quietly now, with a steady slight roll. The night was too black for us to see beyond the gaping hawse-pipes and the V-shaped end of the bow, but I could smell the land—a new smell now, with a marshy flavor in it.

"I'll tell you what it was another time. You know, young Paul, I've warned you about what this sort of life means—danger and hardship and accident and all that; but there's one thing perhaps I didn't rub in enough. Want of cash, my son. Being hard up. Money enough to rub along with while you're fit—because any man who can knock around the back stairs of the world and not find little things lying about that nobody's thought of picking up must be a bigger fool than me—or you. But when age comes, or breakdown, the tame beasts of burden have the best of it."

"I dare say," I said. "But when one has only oneself to think of—"

"I haven't," said Gore. "I have my daughter."

After the previous lesson, I did save myself from answering, "Your what?" But I only did it by biting my cigarette clean through.

Gore seemed pleased by my silence—or so the tone of his voice suggested as he went on:

"I have to think of her,—I sha'n't be always here,—and it worries. Eats in."

"I didn't know you were ever married," I ventured, wondering how many more revelations I was to hear that day.

Gore pushed his cheroot into the corner of his mouth as he answered:

"I never was."

"Oh!" I said feebly.

He went on, in a tone completely devoid of expression:

"She is nineteen. Very pretty—very pretty indeed—like— She is delicate. Crippled. Doesn't walk. Bath chair and all that sort of thing."

There was a silence. I felt it incumbent on me to say something, but could think of nothing save the banal question:

"Was it an accident?"

"No," said Gore, still quite inexpressively. He did not even stop smoking. "Done on purpose. Her mother was thrown downstairs the night the child was born."

This time I forgot my lesson and said, "Good Lord!" adding: "Who did it?"

"Her husband," replied Gore calmly. "You might give me a match; this dashed thing has gone out at last."

I gave it, mentally ejaculating, "Good Lord!" again.

"She died," went on Gore conversationally, unsnapping his cigar-case and scraping a match on the bulwark.

I could see his hard, lean face, with the brilliant eyes—"the brow of an angel and the jaw of a devil," as some one said of Sir Richard Burton—lit up by the small red flame as he shielded it with his hands and set it to the cigar.

"So did he," went on Red Bob, when the great roll of tobacco had caught.

"Died?" I asked. "How?"

Red Bob burst out into a great fit of laughter, as he had done in my cabin earlier on that day.

"Ostend," he said. "Thirty paces. Smaller intestine shot through, one lumbar vertebra smashed. Lived a week, howling except when they had him under morphia. I used to call, to listen to him. Have a cheroot, youngster; those cigarettes of yours are filthy things to ruin your nerve."

I TOOK it, feeling—there is no elegant word for the condition—flabbergasted.

"So," said Gore, with the air of one taking up a conversation at the exact point where it had been abandoned, "it happens that I'm greedier after money than most people might suppose—for reasons. Always on the smell after it, even when I'm busy with something else. And this last time the scent was hot—so hot, I'd have run it down, only I wanted some one to work with me, and—as I told you—the fellow I had talked. Sterry didn't. He was a good sort; he'd have done just as well as yourself."

Whoever looked for smooth sayings from Red Bob was fishing in Dead Sea waters. I held my tongue, though I thought—no matter.

"I was spending a summer in Holland," went on Gore, as if no interlude had occurred in his narrative, "poking about museums and picture galleries. In that fine one at The Hague there's a picture of the girl old Schouten wanted to marry and didn't. She has a magnificent pearl necklace, with a sort of pearl cipher hanging on to the end of it—a monogram, but a very complicated one, and not made any easier by the age of the picture. I got it photographed, and took the photo away with me, because I fancied the face. It was pretty—very pretty—like some one I used to know. Before I went to Holland, it happened that I'd already come across the tracks of old Schouten about German Guinea. Now, you know—or you don't—that pearls, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were nearly all obtained from what they called the 'Indies'—a pretty big term, but it didn't include the Pacific, except a bit about Panama. Of course, the islands were chock-full of pearls, every here and there, as they are now, but these old explorers never seem to have suspected it—went hunting about for mythical islands called Rica de Plata and Rica de Oro, when there were hundreds of Ricas de Perlas everywhere, if they'd only known it. Schouten found things they didn't know he found. But I'd never have got on the scent, if it hadn't been for that girl with the pearl necklace in the picture gallery at The Hague."

GORE stopped, and glanced about him in the dark. There was no one near; I think he would have managed, somehow or other, to see any one that had been—he always seemed to me to have sharper senses than anybody else.

"One day, when I was puzzling about what I had seen, I happened to come on her picture in one of my boxes. I was looking at it—carelessly—when all at once the reading of the monogram jumped straight at my eyes, and I saw—without the shadows that had perplexed me, mind you; that was what had been doing the mischief—that it was 'W. C. S.'

"Well, it told me the whole thing, for a

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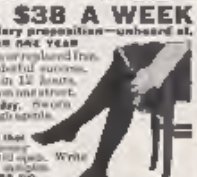

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reason I'll explain later. It cleared the matter I had been puzzling over. Schouten did find pearls in the Pacific, and he left a record of it. And he brought some of them home, and gave them to that girl.

"I've no doubt he meant to come back again, but he never did. Till the latter part of the nineteenth century, no one went looking for pearls in the Western Pacific again. And no one ever found the remains of Schouten's pearls—but me. And I haven't found them yet. That's all, youngster—for the present."

It was too late for dinner. I went out on deck, and found a long chair where I could lie and think.

"Going to be fun!" was the result of my thinking. "Going to be jolly fun. How glad—how very glad I am that I punched Sherry, and that he didn't punch me!

"Now, I should not be surprised," I meditated further, "if Red Bob never said another word about his daughter again. It would be like him."

It seemed I was right, for he never did.

NORTH New Guinea is out of the hurricane zone; but nevertheless the Pacific, that ill-named ocean, welcomed us to the neighborhood of the Schoutens with a blow that would have given the average steamship passenger something to talk about for the rest of his life.

Most of the night I had listened to the roar and wash of the great Pacific combers, as we swept through the Schoutens in the dark. And as the stormy dawn began to break over Papua, I stood clinging to the rail, all wet with spray, to see the black hills of the unknown land spread out their beckoning hands.

Somehow, I could not get the girl of the nutmeg island out of my mind. I looked up from the white decks of the *Afzelia*, and saw—Isola of the nutmeg island—Isola Ravenna—Isola Bella—coming round the corner of the dining saloon!

"Why didn't Miss Siddis tell me?" I wondered. "She was free enough with her yarns about Frau Baumgartner and Frau Schultz, but never a word about Miss Ravenna."

It was evident that the girl was no bad sailor. The ordeal of Banda mountain, sure-footed, as an ordeal should be, began to pace up and down the narrow deck, balancing to the roll of the ship as lightly as a flower in the wind. She was not dressed in green to-day. She wore a suit of very thin white wool, girdled with a green ribbon; there was another green ribbon tied about the wide-leafed hat she wore.

As she passed me on the deck, I noticed the faintest possible perfume of fresh flower-petals.

WE were running far out now, and there was nothing to be seen of New Guinea but a long, blue serrated line to starboard.

The sky was the thin hot blue of the tropics; the sea pale blue, with intolerable diamond sparklings in every wave. Blue and diamond was the whole morning, hard, relentless, and, with the following wind, distressingly hot. Unseasoned as I was, I felt it somewhat. But Isola Ravenna, true flower of the tropics, seemed to enjoy the heat. At all events, she paced lightly up and down the decks, from shade to sun, and back again, and her ivory-pale small face, the exact shade and texture of a magnolia petal, did not seem to be affected in any way by the fierce glare from the sea.

I remembered the redness of poor Miss Siddis's nose, and the roughness of her ungloved hands, and wondered if all white women born in the tropics, and only they, were armed, like Isola, against the arrows of the sun.

Inside the smoking-room, watching her through the windows, I sat and enjoyed myself unobserved. What luck it was that she should be traveling on the *Afzelia*! I never asked myself why it should be so lucky, nor did I even pause to wonder why she, a young girl without relations or friends, should be journeying along this wild north coast of New Guinea toward a German settlement where (I knew) no foreigner was especially welcome. I can not account for such stupidity; God knows, it cost me dear enough in the end!

WHILE I was pleasing my eyes with the sight of Isola walking up and down, who should come forth from the saloon but the elderly man with the gray-green eyes, the owner of the head that had protested so strongly against my duel. I had not seen him before, and judged that the heavy rolling of the steamer on the first day and night had kept him in his cabin. At all events, there he was, spruce, shaved, and fresh, with a grizzly head cropped so close that the skin shone through, a thick figure barely restrained by his loose shirt and belt, and, in unexpected contradiction to his short, weighty build, with a light walk that was singularly well drilled and smart, even for a German.

"Good morning!" he said, with a pleasant smile.

I noticed another contradiction as he spoke. The pleasantness of his address did not agree with the cold watchfulness of his unsmiling gray-green eyes, deep and chill as the Baltic of his Prussian home.

"Good morning!" I replied.

I wondered how much he knew. I had ascertained already that the "next stopping place" would be reached on the day after to-morrow.

"So you will visit Kaiser Wilhelm Land?" he asked agreeably, seating himself at one of the small leather-covered tables and offering me his cigarette.

I helped myself to a cigar of uncommon quality and fragrance.

"The old gentleman does himself well," I thought as I lit it.

I had already noticed that his shirt was of thick Assam silk, and that he wore a tie-pin of one perfect sapphire about the size of a pea.

"Yes," I said. "I'm secretary to Mr. Vincent Gore."

"So!" he said, as if the statement were news to him—which I was assured it was not. "Then you are also a man of science?"

"By no means," I assured him. "I don't care a rap about it."

"Ah!" he said, holding his own cigar in a hand that was delicately white and smooth, and adorned with a heavy diamond-set ring. "Youth loves adventure above all things. In company with Mr. Vincent Gore, adventure will run to meet you; is it not true?"

His manner was careless, but those greenish eyes, hard with the hardness of eyes that have seen cruel things, watchful as eyes that have had to guard their owner's life, betrayed him; and I thought he listened too carefully for my reply.

It is a good rule—I thought to myself—when one asks you a question that you do not choose to answer, to put the very same question in reply.

"But tell me," I begged. "Are there really adventures to be had in New Guinea, and does Mr. Gore manage to hunt them out? It's been mighty dull up to the present, I can tell you. Does he do anything after he gets there besides mess around after moldy old skulls and write up tribal customs?"

"What does he do?" repeated Herr Richter—as I afterward knew him to be called. "What does Mr. Vincent Gore do in the Bismarcks and Kaiser Wilhelm Land?"

He looked carefully at the diamond in his ring, and polished it on his silk sleeve.

"There is nothing for any man to do there but to study science, as you say. We Germans, we do not want English settlers or traders. You have many colonies of your own. As for adventures, you must not believe everything you shall hear. You can not expect adventure. We do not encourage men to outwander in the bush and make trouble for the government. No; I fear that German New Guinea will disappoint you."

He seemed glad of it, on the whole. I liked his cigars, but I did not like him; besides, I was anxious to get to the other way again, and see where Isola Ravenna had gone to. She had stopped walking up and down, and she was not sitting in any of the seats outside. So I excused myself as soon as I could, and went on hunting after the oread of Banda. She was, I told myself, quite the most interesting girl I had ever seen.

I DID not find her. It grew dusk, turned to dark, and she had not reappeared. Some one told me that Miss Siddis had succumbed to the roll of the ship and gone back to her cabin; I guessed that Miss Ravenna was keeping her company.

The evening passed stupidly. The Germans were playing cards in the saloon. Vincent Gore was reading; Richter was paddling up and down the deck. It seemed to me, looking out for something, I could not settle to cards, to a book, or to the endless tramping up and down the deck that is the solace of most seafarers. Like Richter, I was looking for something.

I did not find it. Richter disappeared; the card party broke up in the saloon. It grew toward the hour when the electric light was turned off. I wandered into the bows, and stood with my hands in my pockets, staring at the thick darkness that we were plowing through and wondering what lay beyond it. It struck me, with a sensation of incredible strangeness, that in two days more I might not be there—might not be anywhere; I, Paul Carter, who stood here in the bows of the *Afzelia* with the wind from the wide Pacific blowing in his face.

It was the first time I had thought of death—the first time that the fear and realization of man as a passing shadow struck home to my heart.

"It is true," I thought, "all true, what the old Jews and the Romans and the Greeks of them said. I am a shadow, and I shall pass like one, perhaps the day after to-morrow, perhaps in fifty years. It doesn't seem to make much difference. But whichever it is, I'm not afraid. Glory be to—" I did not want to say "God," for some odd, shamefaced reason; I think perhaps it was the idea of the bloodthirsty business between myself and Heaven that held me back; yet the word would come—"Glory be to God, I'm not afraid of anything!"

A small, sweet, pointed face, magnolia-white, seemed to rise before me in the darkness. I shut my hands on the steel of the bulwark, cold with night and dew.

"Not even for that," I thought. "I'm not afraid—for anything. The splendor of life—why, it is death! I wonder why I never saw that before."

Now, in another minute the words seemed meaningless to me; yet they had, for the moment, all the force of revelation.

A WINDOW shut. It seemed to me that I had been thinking things without significance or sense. Man was a shadow—yes, every one said it; there was nothing in that. I was going to fight a duel in two days—in one day and two nights, rather. Well, that was good fun, and I hoped I'd come out on top. Was there any supper going in the saloon?

I never found out if there was. I came back from the bows, and was walking toward the companion, when a voice said very near to me in the darkness:

"May I—may I speak to you?"

To be continued next week

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He's the Official Joy-Maker

He has always had a fondness for "raising folks about," and now he does nothing else.

CHARLES L. BOYER is an apostle of joy. In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where he lives, he is known to everybody as a matter of course, but more particularly to the children, the invalids, the cripples, and the poor. As between Boyer and Santa Claus, most of the children in the Keystone capital would choose Boyer. Santa Claus is more or less of an unknown quantity, but Boyer is a solid fact. Doesn't the Boyer joy-giving automobile course up and down the city streets and out into the country roads and over the hills of the park all summer? And isn't it always filled with smiling children, except on occasions when it is filled with wan-faced yet smiling cripples?

That joy-giving car is sufficient to win enduring fame for Mr. Boyer, even if he had done nothing else but bring it into existence. It is a big, roomy machine, designed especially for its joy-giving purpose. The money to buy it was raised by popular subscription, and even the children contributed their pennies, for they had entire confidence in Mr. Boyer. And that gentleman must have breathed a secret sigh of relief when he climbed aboard; for previously he had spent many hours pedaling about the streets in a tricycle, pulling behind him a miscellaneous line of vehicles.

Although Mr. Boyer is the recognized if unofficial smile-maker of the community, all of his work is not done in this public manner. One of his several enterprises is the Home Invalids' Union, all the members of which are invalids and shut-ins. Several times a week, if not daily, the members are visited by Mr. Boyer or one of his helpers, and an hour more or less is given over to reading, singing, or a rehearsal of the week's events for the benefit of those who can not follow the papers. Sometimes the member visited is taken out in a wheel chair or given an hour in the park.

This is an old plan of Mr. Boyer's. He has always had a fondness for luring folks about. Some years ago a man came to him and said: "See here, Boyer. When you want to take some of your folks out into the country, use my motor car; and don't hesitate any time you need it. Perhaps you don't remember how you used to drag me around on a sled when I was a boy, but I do. This is when I get even."

Career of the "Apostle of Joy"

MR. BOYER is a Harrisburg man by birth, but spent many years in London, England, where he had a similar joy-giving career and came to be the recognized friend of 30,000 children and 400 cripples. And before he left he started a permanent work by organizing the Drift Children's Mission, with a chorus made up of crippled singers.

It would be impossible to summarize in figures the work of this wonderful joy apostle; but his activity may be judged by the fact that in one season he took 2,500 children to a local merry-go-round, and trundled 6,000 on his tricycle or on some vehicle attached to it.

E. I. Farrington.

My Friends the Wild Sheep

WHEN you've lived among animals for a long time, as I have, you learn that they all have certain individual characteristics, just like human beings. Bears have their special characteristics; wolves theirs; and mountain sheep have one trait that stands out above all others. Their lump of curiosity is the biggest lump in the animal kingdom.

Playing on the Sheep's Curiosity

A STRANGE sound, a wandering animal of another tribe, or the distant doings in another valley will always arouse their curiosity to the highest pitch. Like the rest of us, their curiosity sometimes gets them into trouble. For, if one can appeal to this dominant trait strongly enough, he may walk almost into the heart of a flock of mountain sheep—wild as they are.

Often I have overcome the nervous instinct of the old rams by performing some unusual stunt. One day I used a small reflecting mirror, flashing the gleam into their eyes. On another occasion I was stalking a band of sheep that was unusually wild. They were on top of a mountain with no obstructions. When I had come within three hundred yards, the leaders indicated that they were about to run away. At once I stopped and began to walk in a small circle. When the sheep were again quiet, I slowly edged nearer.

This performance I repeated several times. At length, when the fascination had worn off this trick, I lay down, rolled over, and crashed on my hands and knees, muttering a jargon of talk. The sheep, with heads high, actually advanced nearer to see what it was all about. And after an hour's work I was within fifty feet of one of the wildest bands of the region.

Formula for catching mountain sheep—make a monkey of yourself. The sheep's lump of curiosity is so fully developed that he simply can't resist the impulse to come up and see what you're doing.

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